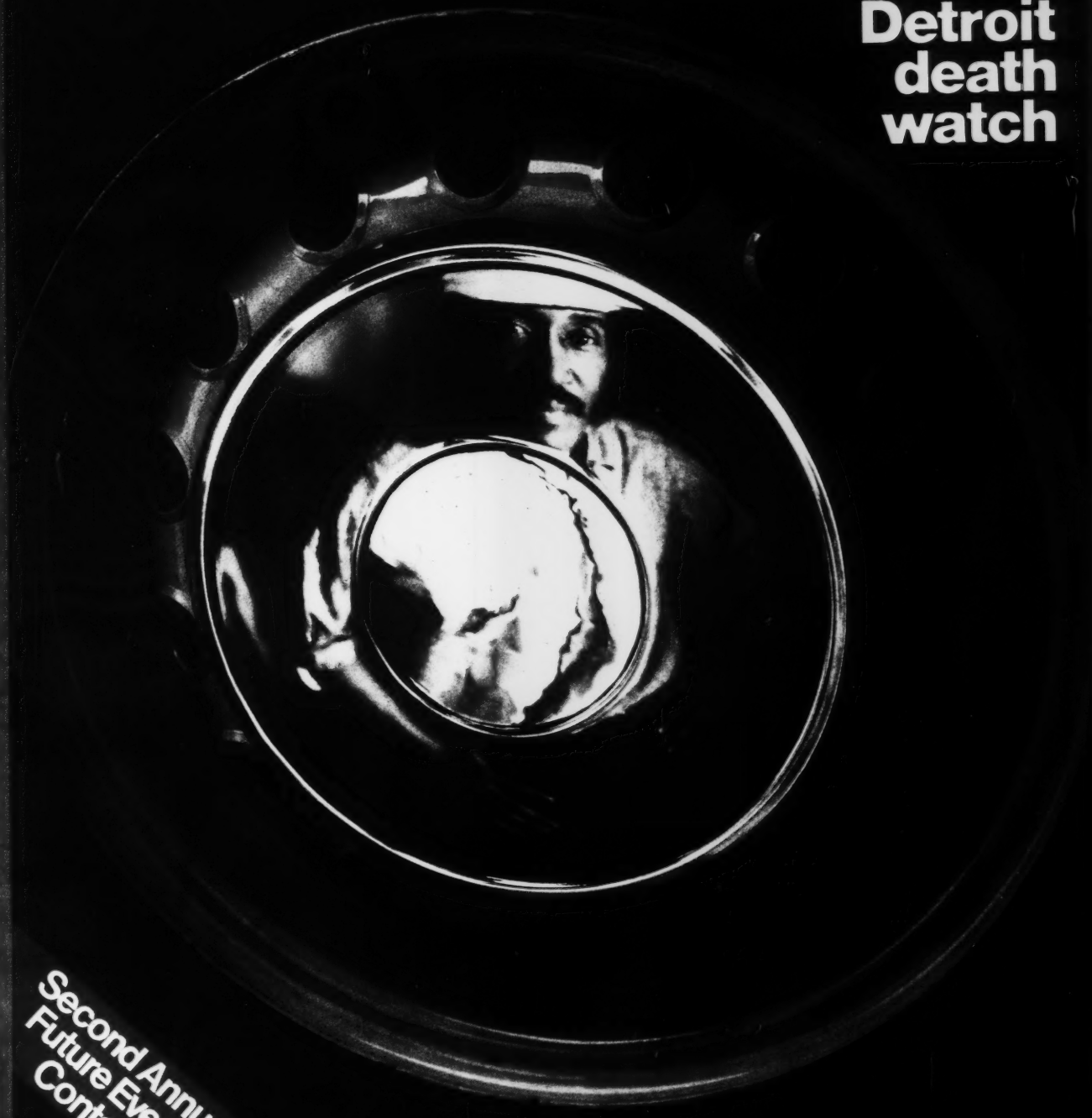
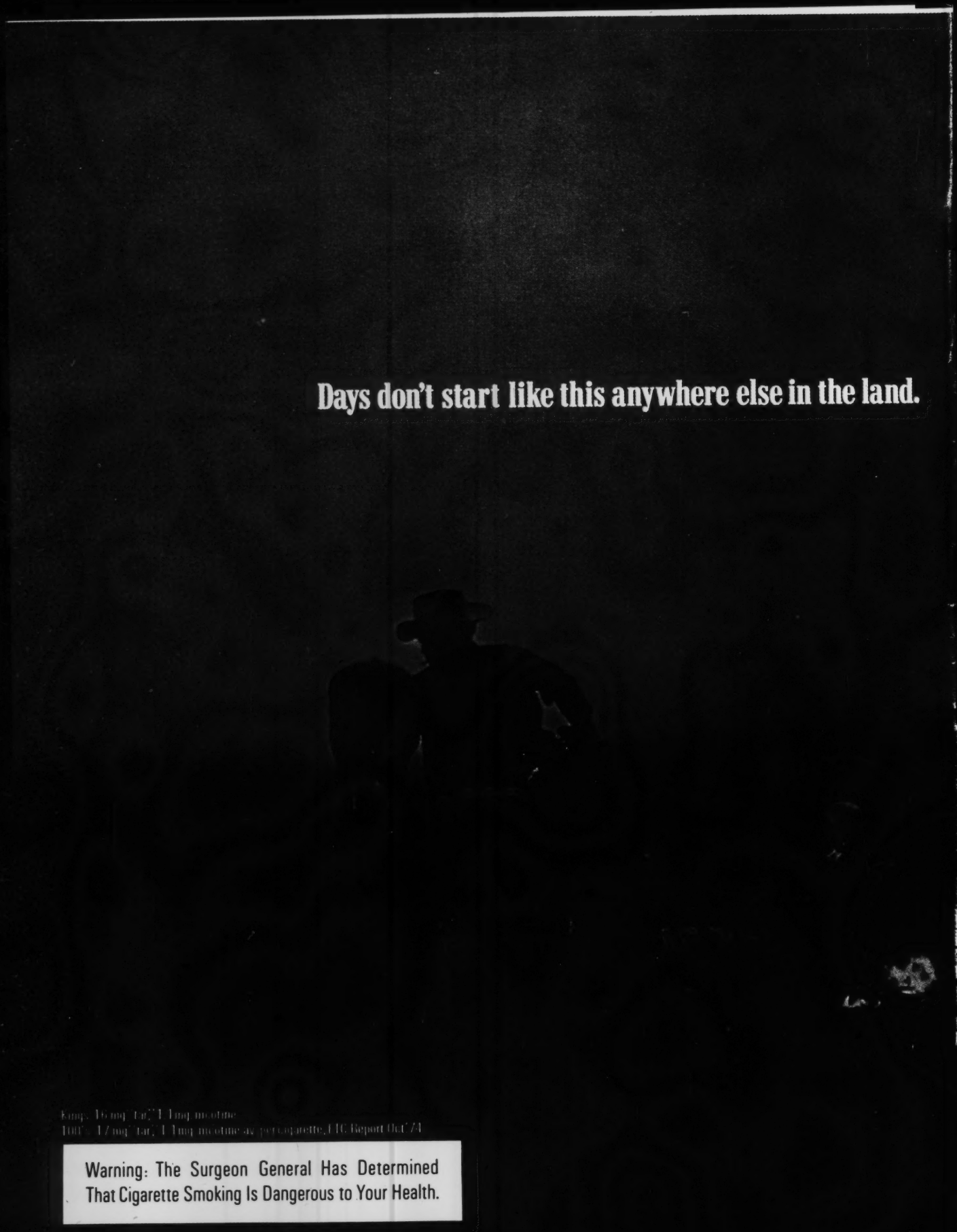
NEW TIMES

Detroit death watch



Second Annual Future Events Contest

D 34100


Days don't start like this anywhere else in the land.
Kings: 16 mg. tar, 1.1 mg. nicotine
100's: 17 mg. tar, 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Only out here, in Marlboro Country.

Marlboro Reds or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

NEW TIMES, February 7, 1975, Volume 4, Number 3

TOP OF THE NEWS

Will the last person leaving Detroit please turn out the lights *While President Ford and Congress argue, Detroit stands still. Says Coleman Young, the city's black mayor, "We've got to stop bullshitting around. This is no recession. This is a depression"* **By Robert Sam Anson** 20

The whiteface shuffle *When an Alabama law student showed up at Villanova University to collect his scholarship, the administration was dismayed to find the young man wasn't black* **By Nina Totenberg** 28

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THESE ARE NEW TIMES

The hits just keep on coming *Based on a sophisticated measurement of the body's response to music, a modish ex-teacher named Tom Turicchi has made a fortune predicting smash records with 92 percent accuracy* **By Michael Gross** 40

LOCAL COLOR

***Mother Earth,* mon amour** *This little old magazine out of North Carolina smells of manure & cordwood. The editor smells like ro$e$* **By Gregory Jaynes** 46

THE ARTS

The 30-second star *Commercial Way turns them out for TV ads (It ain't exactly Actors Studio)* **By Paul Boorstin** 52

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE COOPER

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Books: *Idle Passion: Chess and the Dance of Death* page 65
Final Tribute
End of the un-American nightmare
By Mark Goodman
page 68

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BEHIND THE SCENES

"I just pretend I'm a New York commuter riding the train down from Connecticut," says Greg Jaynes, 26, who wrote the story on *Mother Earth News* in this issue, and last reported in these pages on Machine Gun Thompson. But the fact is, Jaynes couldn't pass for one of the suit-coated, attache-cased club members if he tried. He actually commutes from a 40-acre farm 70 miles north of Atlanta to spend his day working as a feature writer for the Atlanta *Constitution*. Eventually, Jaynes hopes to support his newly acquired habit of rural living by working the farm and writing free-lance. Right now, though, he doesn't begrudge the time spent riding back and forth. "I hate the city. Having never lived in the country until we bought the farm last spring, I wanted to do it before it's all gone."

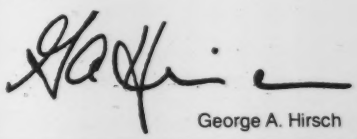
Unabashedly, Jaynes admits that his reasons for the move were the same trite, romantic dreams that appear in everyone's fantasies these days—the same back-to-the-land mania that has fueled the *Mother Earth News* milk train. "I wanted my son and daughter to know more than when a TV series ends and what picks up after that. Like most city kids, they were touchy all the time, whining and whimpering. They had a greater regard for plastic submarines than a sunny day. Now they go into the woods, mean as snakes, and they can take care of themselves. I thoroughly expect a reversal—that my kids will go back and live in the city—but if they do, the knowledge they gained here will be invaluable.

"The time I've spent here has made all the difference for me as well. From my front porch, I can see a barn, an aging quarterhorse, a dead apple tree, a road that snakes over a ridge, a large stream, a 10-acre pasture and a distant, snow-topped mountain called John Jones.

"I'm happy now and I wasn't before. I had never done any major carpentry, and I'm not good with my hands, but I'm learning. I've become so expert at fixing the foot valves on the well's pump that my neighbor called me in to fix his. I'm picking up tools—a few at a time—but everyone here deals on such a personal level that I can go to the hardware store and the guy will lend me the tools when I buy the nails. I feel like the line from that Roger Miller song: 'I got credit down at the grocery store and the barber tells me jokes.'

"Before, I had nothing to teach my boy, and as a result of moving out here, my boy teaches me. I say, 'What's that?' and he says, 'Oh, that's nothing but an old cornfield spider.' He's 8 years old and so am I."

When we called Evertson H. Zell in Indianapolis to announce that he was the winner of last year's NEW TIMES' FUTURE EVENTS CONTEST, Zell was suprised. "I've never won a contest before," he said, "and I've been keeping track of my predictions through the year, so I didn't think I had gotten enough answers right. Normally, things during the year remain pretty much the same as they were at the beginning, but 1974 didn't work out that way. I didn't think there would be so many changes." A 30-year-old high school government teacher, married to a woman who's an accountant, with one child, Zell subscribes to all news magazines—*Time, Newsweek, U. S. News & World Report*—plus, as he puts it "a lot of weird things." He did not say in which category he puts *New Times*.



George A. Hirsch

LETTERS

Losing control

I am a new subscriber to *New Times*, and the article on the Barnwell project ("South Carolina's silent death factory," Jan. 24) appeared in my first issue. The unspoken questions raised by the article are of such magnitude and importance as to make Watergate seem minor and insignificant by comparison.

What we have here (the Barnwell project) is a conglomerate spending dollars on a project that has the potential to cause us to lose all control over our national destiny. How many active plants, such as Barnwell, will be necessary before the merest hint of a threat will be enough to cause us to "go along" with whatever idea or course of action those who control these plants require?

Caryn S. Lachoff
Studio City, California

Letting the light in

Maybe now the rest of America can see with your help what kind of man speaks for New Hampshire ("Citizen Loeb," Jan. 10) all too often. My childhood days were spent in northern New Hampshire, never really seeing much more of the world than what Bill Loeb let shine in through all his muckraking.

Now, years later, I rejoice at your articulate investigation and reporting of a man who sees himself as speaking for the best in America but who, in fact, represents all that we have detested in the recent events of Watergate, government manipulation and political favoritism.

Last year I responded to Mr. Loeb with a letter challenging his attitudes and actions regarding homosexuals and political perverts on the University of New Hampshire's campus and elsewhere in society. Instead of dealing with my rationale, he blew up my letter and printed it with my name and title (Reverend)—stationary and all—with the caption, "Is this a Minister?!"—a political tactic of embarrassment when someone disagrees with or challenges him.

New Hampshire has upward of 600,000 residents, but the Manchester *Union Leader* has a circulation of only 70,000. That tells us that New Hampshire knows not to expect substantive journalism from the *Union Leader* and Loeb.

J.L. Hansen
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Despite three months of primary work in New Hampshire back in 1972, I must admit that thoughts of William Loeb have not intruded on my peace of mind since. Though he did not lay a glove on our candidate back then, perhaps even veterans of the McGovern campaign try to forget his nasty presence in an otherwise perfectly dandy state. Thanks for the reminder of what a contemptible little turd the man is.

John MacCallum
Cleveland, Ohio

I do not like your magazine and have been sorry I subscribed to it—so much of it is mean. Now this article on "Citizen Loeb" is the worst ever. I have lived for 20 years in New Hampshire and know his paper very well. Since moving away from New Hampshire, I still subscribe to the Manchester *Union Leader* and think it is one of the few good papers in the United States.

C.E. Christopherson
Des Moines, Iowa

Just finished "Citizen Loeb" by Robert Anson and Gordon Weil. Excellent! It again shows how deep the cancer of Nixon-Mitchell and men like Jimmy Hoffa runs in this country. To think that a man who gets his "jollies" by destroying other men is so powerful makes one wonder how anyone in New Hampshire can drive a car with plates saying "Live Free or Die." Maybe they should be changed to say "*Union Leader*; the stuff kitty boxes are lined with." Keep up the good work.

Jay McCarthy
Caruthersville, Missouri

Quick cuts

Regarding Deborah Larned's article "The Greening of the Womb" (December 27): I wonder why there was no mention of an operation called the tubal laparoscopy. It is a method of female sterilization that takes from 15 to 30 minutes and can be done under either local or general anesthetic. It is not major surgery because the surgeon's tool is a long, thin pipe—a laparoscope. Two small incisions are made, one for the laparoscope and one for an electric cauterizing instrument, that afterwards are covered with Band-Aids. I had such an operation at the age of 19 and did not have to fear the complications that I may have had with major surgery.

In her article, which borders on hysteria, Larned has done a disservice to women seeking to have themselves sterilized by not mentioning the laparoscopy.

Virginia Ross
Lake Geneva, Wisconsin

Congratulations on your recent article "The Greening of the Womb." To use a current term, it is "Right on!!" I presume that when Dr. Ralph C. Wright, gynecologist, Connecticut, has stopped fathering children he will have prophylactic surgical removal of his penis, testes and prostate.

Kathleen London, SRN
Menlo Park, California

The truth hurts

Congratulations! You have just joined the scores of magazines, newspapers and television newsmen whose prejudice of the South outweighs any of our prejudices ("On the other side of the tracks," Jan. 10). I'm one Southerner who feels that the racial problems of the North should be covered in the media as equally as those in the South were! Many of the people, black and white, on the "other side of the track" have help available to them, but they have to want help. I'm sure you can find similar stories just like this one in every one of the United States.

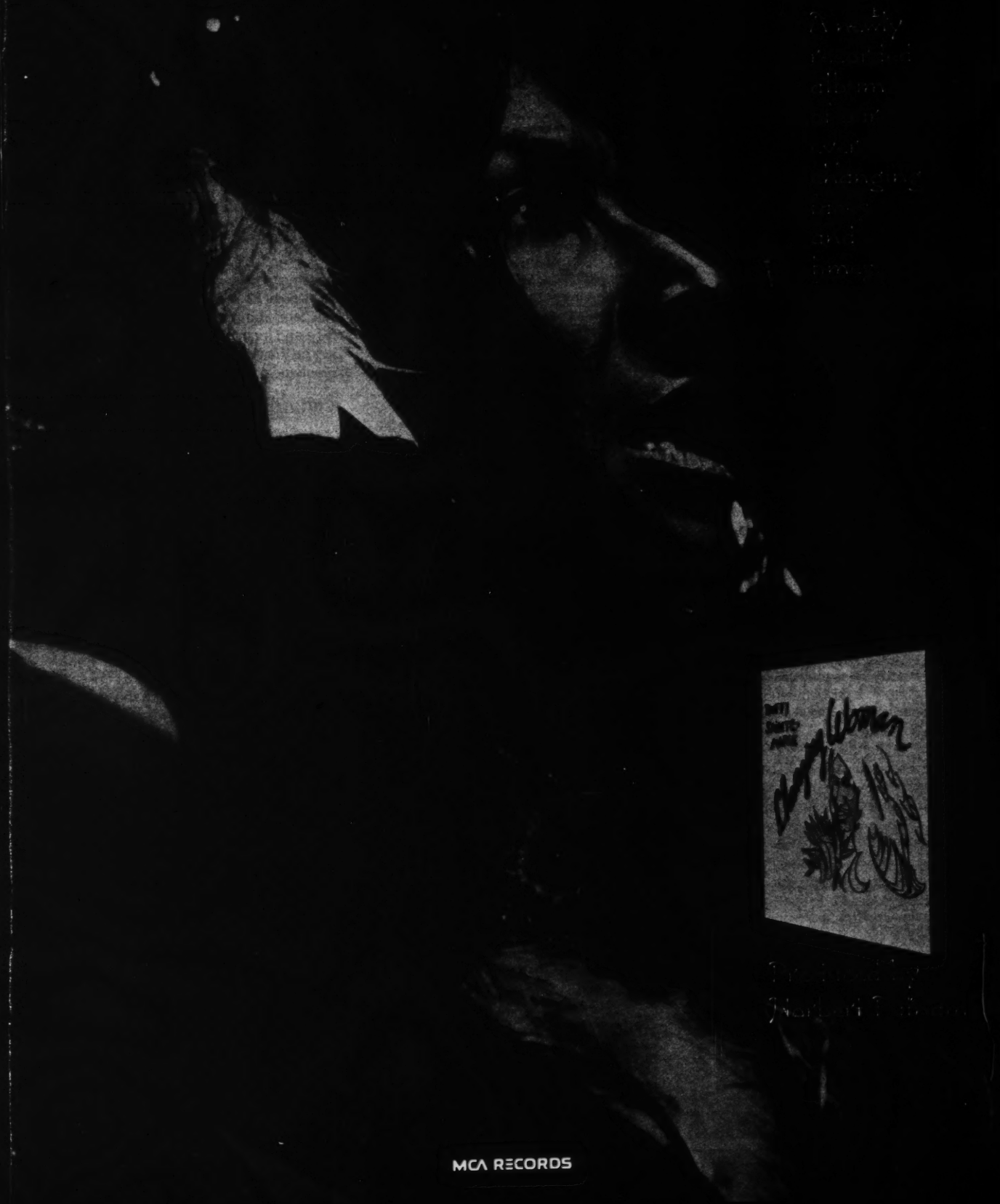
Cheryl MacLean
Pascagoula, Mississippi

Flaming Job

Frank Rich's cinema commentary is consistently the most astute with which this reader comes in contact. To my mind, however, Mr. Rich vastly underrates *The Towering Inferno* (Jan. 10). Clearly it is excellent "escapist fare"—"the best disaster film that money could conceivably buy"—but from a different perspective. *Inferno* seems a complex combination of morality play and the Problem of Job, not simply "the last word in junk movies."

Steven Manuel
Bladensburg, Maryland

BUFFY • SAINTE • MARIE



CLIPPINGS

If Wishes Were Horses . . .

The Japanese love horses, but the problem is there is no room for them. Too many people. To help alleviate this problem, the Mizushima Kikaku Co. has made a life-size electrical horse. This horse has a 200-volt motor that can drive the beast at 27 simulated miles per hour, while various nuts and bolts impart a horselike motion. This horse need not champ at the bit because there are no reins. You get four buttons instead: stop, start, slow and fast. The basic Gallop, as it is called, has a plastic hide and synthetic mane. It costs $8,928 with no allowances mentioned, as yet, for trade-in. Optionals include tapes that go clippety-clop and make neighing noises.—from *Campus Life*

Norm Is a . . .

Dr. David S. Love, 42, an eminent teacher of anatomy at Case Western Reserve University, pleaded guilty to a misdemeanor in the death of his wife, Virginia Love, 42. An assistant prosecutor, George Sadd, said this is what happened: Dr. Love, with his wife's consent, dangled her out a window with a rope attached to her leg. As he was preparing to engage in a sex act, the rope slipped and Mrs. Love fell to her death.—from the Cleveland *Press*

. . . Is a What?

In a panel discussion in Milwaukee on fetishism, open marriage, transvestism and that sort of thing, Dr. Alex Comfort, author of books on sex, said: "There is no norm in sex. Norm is the name of a guy who lives in Brooklyn."—from the Milwaukee *Journal*

For Those Golden Hours

A British businessman is having a golden toilet seat made for himself.—from the San Francisco *Chronicle*

Bad Skates

Twenty-odd young persons surrounded a cab in Baltimore, took the driver's watch and $45 and disappeared up the street on their roller skates. In another robbery in the city, two young men took two cases of vodka worth $112.90 from a delivery truck and skated away unscathed.—from the Baltimore *Sun*

Bang! Bang! You're Dead

Charlene Zuver, 25, walked into the B & M Market in Santa Ana, California, whipped out a pistol and told the manager, Unki Paik, he was being robbed. Paik came up with $25 and *his* gun. He chased the robber into the street. Looking for help, Paik, who was born in Korea, shouted at the cab driver who had brought Miss Zuver to the scene of the quasi-crime. The cab driver thought he was being held up, so he raised his hands. The robber flagged a car in an attempt to get away. It contained two plainclothesmen. Nobody got hurt. Both guns were toys.—from United Press International

Great, Scott

Rep. William L. Scott of Virginia has removed, newsmen recently noted, a portrait of Spiro Agnew, former vice-president, from the wall of his Richmond office and replaced it with that of George Washington.—from the Washington *Star-News*

Welfare

Twenty-four-year-old Karen Meehan was convicted of welfare fraud in a Cambridge, Mass., court. Her welfare payments will be raised so she can pay off the fine.—from the New York *Times*

Snow Tow

In Monroe, Mich., Police Chief Paul Peters ordered a policeman in a patrol car to remove an automobile with an Ohio license and a small car from a street. The patrolman responded on police radio that the small car was only a pile of snow sculptured in the shape of a VW beetle. "I don't care what it is," the chief roared back. "If you have to, get a wrecker over there and have it towed away."—from the Toledo *Times*

Don't Run a Red Light in Quincy . . .

Mayor Walter J. Hannon ordered two machine guns and a number of shotguns to be issued to police driving unmarked cars in Quincy, Mass. "We are serving notice," he said, "on anyone who decides to commit a crime, whether it's running a red light or committing armed robbery, that they will be dealt with severely."—from the Dallas (Texas) *News*

. . . Nor in Clarksville

Disturbed by a court system they claim is turning loose felons, Clarksville, Tenn., law enforcement officials have decided to meet force, or something, with force. The city's 75 policemen,

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLEN WELKIS

plus 25 deputies of the county in which Clarksville is situated, are being armed with shotguns and high-powered rifles. "Some are going to be in plain clothes and others will be perched on roofs and other strategic locations," said police chief Ira Nunley. "We're going to holler at them [presumed burglars]; if they don't stop, they'll never walk into that store again."—from the Johnson City *Press Chronicle*

Levitation

The police in Florence, Italy, seized 8,000 pairs of blue jeans and arrested six men, charging them with selling counterfeit blue jeans.—from the San Francisco *Chronicle*

With Emphasis on the Commandments

Bertha Costas, 23, killed her husband with a carving knife after he had accused her of two-timing him and then beat her. Found guilty of manslaughter in Miami, she was sentenced to teach Sunday school for five years by Circuit Court Judge Thomas Lee.—from the Van Nuys (California) *News*

Murder Most Foul

Arthur W. Sedlack, a technician at Walton Ranger Station in Glacier National Park, shot a trespassing snowmobile to death with a .38 pistol. He put a slug into the engine compartment of the machine being driven by Ed J. Peterson of Great Falls, Mont., on a road closed to that sort of vehicle.—from the Great Falls (Mont.) *Tribune*

Surprise

A mugger in Los Angeles attacked Mrs. Hollis Sharpe while she was out walking her miniature poodle. In spite of the fact that the hoodlum broke her arm, Mrs. Sharpe saw a little justice in the painful event. Mrs. Sharpe, you see, is a conscientious woman ("You have to think of your neighbors"), so she scoops up her little doggie's poo poo and puts it in a plastic bag. That's what the mugger grabbed. Mrs. Sharpe wishes there had been more.—from the Rutland (Vermont) *Herald*

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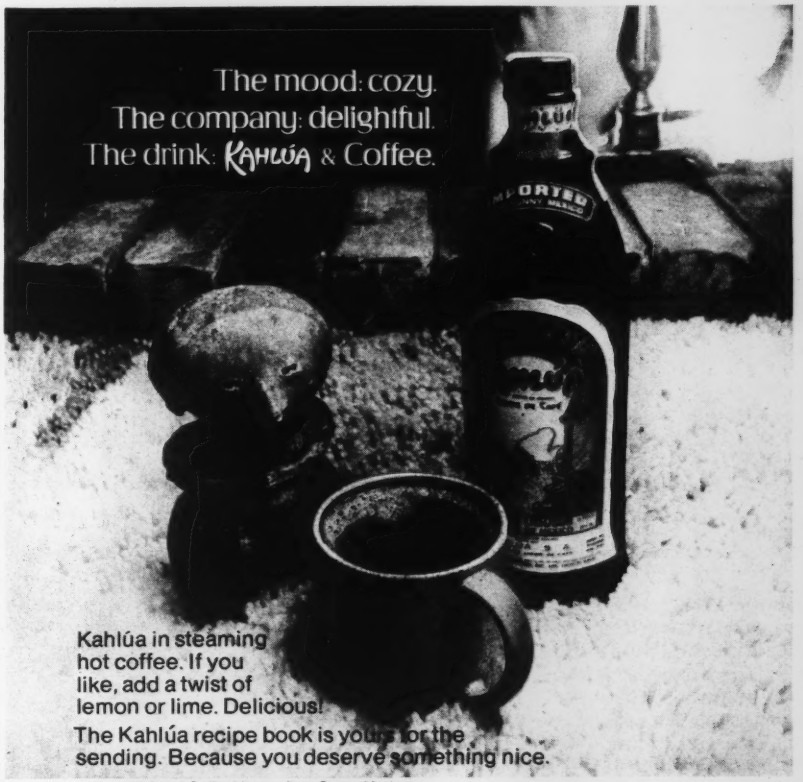
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New Times. Think of us as the Mighty Mouse of magazines.

Superman we are not.

But that doesn't mean NEW TIMES isn't busting evil in the chops, fighting for the little guy, stripping the pants off phonies and generally shaking hell out of the establishment.

Like Mighty Mouse, we are small but powerful feisty. Out of all proportion to size, we make waves. Strike fear in evil hearts. Give the tremble to fat cats. Shake the rafters. The Mouse that Roars, that's us.

Some recent roars.

Every two weeks, NEW TIMES comes along with a stick or two of dynamite in its fist.

There was our story on "The Ten Dumbest Congressmen," with NEW TIMES' nomination for King of Dumb. You should have heard the screams on that one, including a well-attended press conference called by the King himself. There was "Prescription Payola," about doctors who are willing to risk your life for a color TV. There was "Southie Is My Home Town," a look at the people of South Boston you didn't find in any of the other media. (After a century of getting the shaft, maybe they had reasons for coming off as brawling racists.)

In "The Little Camera That Couldn't," NEW TIMES dissected Polaroid's SX-70, as a symbol of a consumer economy gone wild. In "A Wallace Is a Wallace Is a Wallace," we looked underneath the new moderate George and found—guess what—the same old George. In "Happy Days Are Here Again," we saw the new depression as upbeat—a chance for new lifestyles and the whole Whole Earth thing. In "Zen and the Art of the Perfect Backhand," we told you how to trust your body and ignore your old tennis instructor.

"The Gourmet Freeze-Out" ripped the foil off the big restaurant rip-off that's serving up mass-produced frozen dishes as expensive house specialties. "The Consulting Con Game" laid bare a cushy professorial racket. "They Shoot Ten-Year Olds, Don't They?" was a heartwarming look at New York's shootin' cops with their 007 license to kill just about anybody they want to. "That Championship Season" stripped the cover-up from the sex scandal that decimated Notre Dame's football team.

Is NEW TIMES mad all the time?

Golly, no. Don't get the idea we do nothing but dredge up embarrassing facts and tweak important noses. NEW TIMES is *the magazine of what's happening* and that's a spectrum that includes love and music and lifestyles and movies and all manner of rare new ideas. For instance, we reported on Erhard Seminars Training (est), one of the most fascinating of the new life therapies. We got inside the world of bisexuality. We published our *own* medical research on pot—"Attention: Smoking Grass May Be Good for Your Health."

And of course we continue to report on the eternal battle of The Little Guys vs. The Big Guys. Like the story on Sam Lovejoy, who toppled the big bad nuclear tower. And the young hillbillies of Mendocino County who were damned if they'd let their houses be torn down for lack of city plumbing.

Our bright, brash, talented writers and columnists—like Robert Sam Anson, Jesse Kornbluth, Marcia Seligson, Larry King, Amanda Spake, Jim Kunen, Mark Goodman, Frank

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Rich, Janet Maslin and Nina Totenberg—have one thing in common. They're unafraid. They'll plunge into anything, take chances and stands, crawl way out on limbs. Sure, NEW TIMES may fall on its face sometimes. But never on its knees!

We're plugged into *now*.

Whether you like it or not, you're living in a time of shattering transitions. Nobody knows where the world is heading and if they claim to, they lie!

NEW TIMES—more than any other magazine on the American scene, we think—is plugged into this difficult, exhilarating age. Do we understand what's going on? Sometimes, but not often enough. Do we know The Answers? Hell, we consider ourselves lucky when we know The Questions.

But we don't lie. We don't pretend impossible knowledge. Our minds and eyes are open and our promise to you is firm: we'll pin as much of the truth to the page as we know how.

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Join us. Start to roar a little.

NEW TIMES

The Mouse that Roars

Shopping for a color TV

SLOW DOWN

By James S. Kunen

I have a friend who doesn't have a TV. He used to.

The TV went out the door with his wife.

A Sylvania. He bought it two years ago, when they got married. And that color TV—he researched it. He shopped around. He didn't fall for the very first one.

My friend remembers clearly the first day of the Sylvania. His wife came home from school, and she'd perhaps not yet taken her coat off before they embraced, kissed and shortly asked and answered what was new. That day, of course, the Sylvania was.

They watched the news. The newsman said something that sparked my friend's wife's interest or strained her belief and she asked—across two years he remembers this—"What did he say?" And my friend answered, "I don't know. I was looking at the color."

The Sylvania has been gone now—out the door, with his wife—for five months.

He has not decided whether to replace it. Daily he weighs the pros and cons, as one will, while waiting to see what he's going to do. He's concerned because his money is running out; but then, he wants to hurry up and spend it before it's all gone.

But he's afraid that once he brings a television back into his house, he'll never be rid of it. He doesn't anticipate wanting to be rid of it, necessarily, but the idea of having anything permanently frightens him. He's sure that once he brings the box through the door, for the rest of his life there'll be a conveyor belt running from the TV Assembly Plant straight into his living rooms, wherever they may be. And then he'll always have to decide whether or not to turn the TV on, when it's off, or off, when it's on. A burden.

On the other hand, he misses his TV. His newspaper does not move before his eyes and speak to him as he eats dinner.

So, my friend the other day found himself in a big department store, walking up and down a chorus line of TVs, all tuned to the same station. His first thought, as he watched the multiple images, was of a hall of mirrors. But soon he got down to concentrating on the TVs one at a time, trying to see if one suited him.

This he did by picturing himself in his apartment, eating, watching the TV in question. He imagined himself going to the refrigerator, glancing at the screen over his shoulder. He imagined lying on his couch watching it alone, and he imagined having people over, and the given TV on.

"Here's me watching the local news on my RCA XL-100 AccuMatic IV," he thought, watching shadowy firemen battle some prerecorded blaze. Quickly he glanced at the Zenith Chromacolor II, trying to catch the same scene. Which firemen had redder helmets? Which filmed night was less murky?

"Here's me watching the administration spokesman on my Panasonic Qutrecolor Quintrix, on my Toshiba Blackstripe, on my Philcomatic, on my Sony Trinitron."

He was starting to get a headache.

He told himself that in his home there would be only one TV, and whichever one it was it would be the one. It would be his. It would be OK.

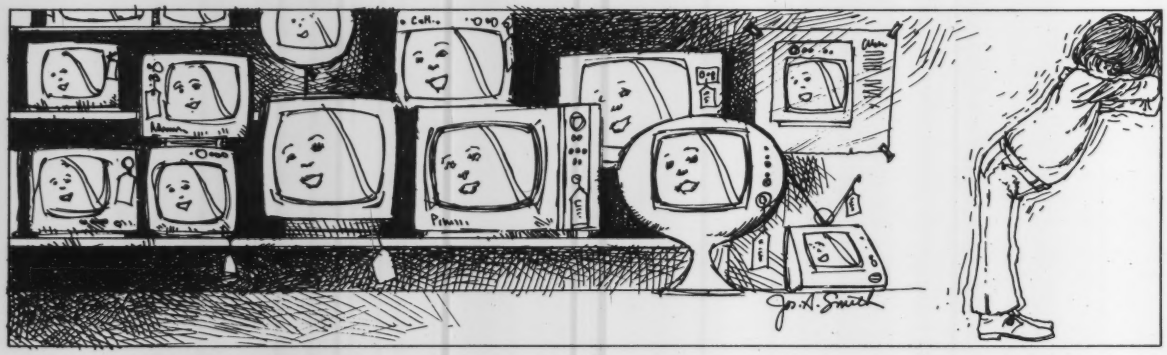
"Here's me eating Campbell's Chunky Chicken watching the flood waters recede. . . ." How green, grey or brown were those flood waters supposed to be?

During the news he walked the tiers with composure, even detachment, comparing brightness, sharpness, contrast, color, hue, intensity—and price. But the advertisement. It was a girl. A girl most beautiful, all the screens agreed.

But on the RCA she looked a little sunburned, and had red hair.

On the Panasonic the long, thick, luxuriant, healthy full-bodied hair which cascaded down her pale naked shoulders was unmistakably platinum blond.

He didn't want to fool around. He wanted to know what color, to see, to know that girl's hair and skin. But he couldn't get a good look. The image kept changing. There she'd be and then where she'd been a Coke and then volleyball—a lean leaping body caught his eye but he saw there a dune buggy supplanted by horses—there she is—a Coke again.



"Are you looking for something?" a salesman demanded. "Can I help you?" My friend doubted the salesman could help him.

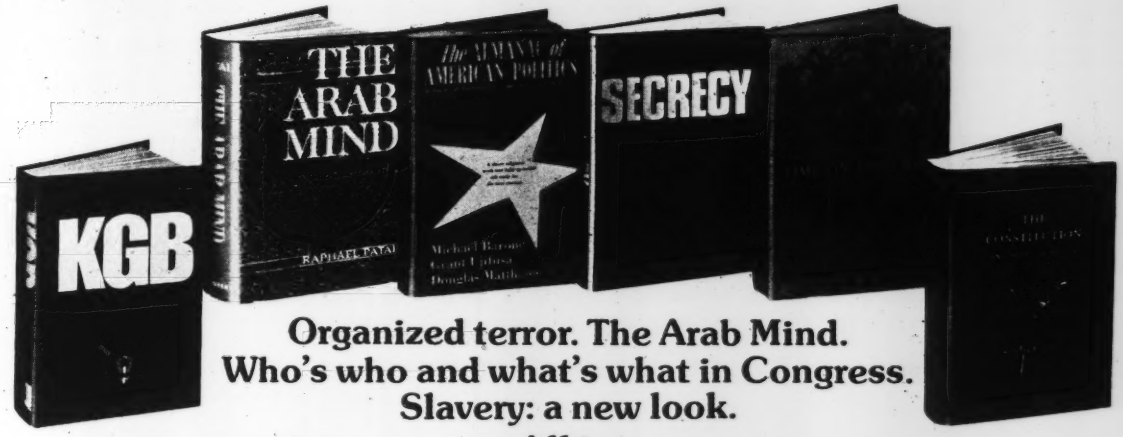
"Why do the people on TV look different on the different TVs?" he asked.

"If I could adjust all these sets for flesh tones," the salesman said, "they'd be the same. But people always fool with the controls."

Perhaps. But some of the TVs had everything in Day-Glo colors, and some showed a world washed in Tide 20 times. My friend didn't see how they could ever be reconciled.

Seized by despair, he hurried out a glass door, into the cold air, and no sooner started walking down the concrete than stopped, awestruck: Perfect Fleshtones. Though he only caught a glimpse of her as she walked past. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH



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Singing the Good News

FULMINATIONS

By Larry L. King

Those who send missives in response to these jottings often complain of negative reflexes. Some question whether the U.S. government has even once performed to the music of my applause. The answer is, "Yes." I approved of the Louisiana Purchase and was gladdened when Congress raised my Army pay to $50 per month. Opinions of the Warren Court cheered me. It was keen when Harry Truman fired Dugout Doug MacArthur. When a liar and bagman resigned as vice-president, to be followed by the quitting of a president who conspired to conceal crimes while promoting police-state methods—and who was *such a fibber*!—I rejoiced at the Republic's good fortune. Now that I have bipartisanly praised the executive, the legislative and the judicial, leave us have no more of them nasty postcards.

Do not think my appreciations extend only to history; no Respondent comes forth singing Good News of the here and now. There are new ecstasies to savor. My present heros are 75 freshmen Democrats in the U.S. House of Representatives, a body normally as short of heroic materials as the Chicago Bears or the works of Jules Feiffer. Not six weeks back, I assured you the 94th Congress, for all its bold talk, would differ little from its timid predecessors; already, the new boys have made me such a pluperfect liar I may be drafted as an Official Government Spokesman. These militant new congressmen constitute the happiest Washington surprise since Earl Warren hit town and turned a sharp left.

For the first time since the House deposed "Czar" Joe Cannon as speaker in 1910-11, chairmen of congressional committees are being selected for virtues other than having grown old in place; no longer do seniority, superciliousness and senility automatically a chairman make. Veteran Democratic chairmen were required to appear before young upstarts and define themselves, their jobs and their democratic notions; those found wanting got dumped at the party caucus. Zounds! New kids on Capitol Hill are actually fighting back against the traditional neighborhood bullies! Among those who cherish the myth of representative government, it is difficult to conceive of any action more exciting or uplifting than this miraculous Revolt of the Innocents.

Frankly, I wouldn't have bet a fig on it. Not only institutional history but personal experience tainted my viewpoint. In 1954, you see, I became a young Hill functionary burdened by the naive belief that Congress constituted a collection of nature's noblemen gathered to provide a more perfect union. The workhouse of democracy, one assumed, would not be without its democratic instincts and surely would welcome contributions by its new blood. Though my teachers and books had thus spake, one might have more profitably placed one's faith in gypsies.

One was not long in learning the realities. Old Bulls of the House, jealous of their prerogatives and swelled by exalted positions, promoted the arrogance of power at the smallest opportunity. Even parking slots, office space and haircuts were

accorded by strict seniority: the third-termer waiting in the House barbershop was required by habit and protocol to surrender his due turn in the chair should a *fourth*-termer lucklessly appear. Pushy or uninformed juniors who sat uninvited in the House cafeteria at tables reserved for The Powerful were coldly informed of their trespasses.

"The way to get along"—old Speaker Sam Rayburn growled to incoming freshmen classes—"is to go along." Elders frowned on newcomers freely joining floor debates or offering speeches; never mind that the despised juniors held their own mandates, rights or ideas. The House then was a mean-spirited place; it humiliated junior members, imitating their betters—and hoping to appease their frustrations—and often treated their own staff members shabbily. It was the ass-kissingest place of my life's experience, and the most thoroughly corrupt. It taught that might made right, that some were more equal than others, that it wasn't what you knew but who you were, that institutional or personal whims outranked the public business or, perhaps, the public good. It lacked that vital honesty fathered by simple human dignity and common respect.

In cheering the audacious 94th freshmen for restoring some sense of priorities to that place long overly propagandized as "the elective body closest to the people," let us not ignore the guidance they received from long-suffering House veterans whose earlier reformist efforts—while largely thwarted—slowly paved the way. These persistent few (personified in Missouri's Dick Bolling, Arizona's Mo Udall, New Jersey's Frank Thompson, among others) established the groundwork over many hard years. Their stubborn chippings, like a man assaulting a brick wall with a dull spoon, eventually began to erode the old ways. They gained reluctant concessions for the institutional minority in their party's caucus and elsewhere. They deserve huzzahs now that the dissidents have clout.

Though the final score isn't known at this writing, two old-line chairmen—of Armed Services and Agriculture—appear clearly deposed. At least two more Old Bulls are wounded, bellowing and threatened. *All* of them are reconsidering the basics. Why, even the staid ole U.S. Senate has been inspired to permit secret balloting in electing *its* party leaders. In short, take this as a warning of possible major congressional change. The nearest analogy I can supply is to ask you to imagine hell freezing over.

Clever old congressional heads may regain the upper hand once past their snorting indignations and being unable to digest their suppers: not for nothing have they survived to date. They are tough and resourceful as are only the scarred. Zealous young reformers, under long-term pressures including the complications of ideology sometimes in conflict with constituent desires, personal ambitions, the political practicalities or more esoteric or abstruse considerations, may falter or crumble. No, perhaps they may not be able to deliver a complete revolution so quickly. But as Jake Barnes said to Lady Brett Ashley, "Isn't it pretty to think so?" ●

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH CHIARDIELLO

Dear Sirs, he said.

A ski instructor from Tahoe wrote us that he really enjoys a nice hot glass of Gorilla Sweat after a brisk afternoon on the slopes.

However, he went on, he doesn't think he'll ever develop a taste for the name.

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Wallace walks on air;
Sinatra switches voices

THE INSIDER

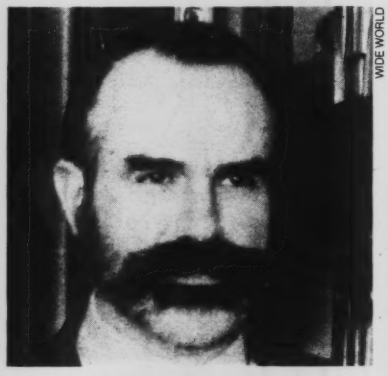
POWER POLITICS

The happy warrior (Part II)

George Wallace's political advisers are reportedly divided over the public relations problem of how to treat the fact that the governor is a paraplegic. Wallace has acquired a custom-built device called the Orthowalk, which braces the patient's legs with air-filled rubber tubes instead of metal, and it enables him to move more easily than in the past. However, some of his aides want him to stay in the wheelchair until the Democratic Convention, not only to give rise to the inevitable comparisons with FDR's dramatic "Happy Warrior" comeback at the 1924 convention, but also to emphasize the contrast to his old pugnacious, racist image. Others think he ought to use the device at selected public appearances to prove that he is man enough to run the country—a position that Wallace himself favors at this point.

At least he's *our* Hitler

When the CBS News *60 Minutes* crew arrived at the home of G. Gordon Liddy to tape Liddy's famous interview with Mike Wallace, they found Liddy's stereo turned up full blast. The tune? Nazi martial music.



WIDE WORLD

Liddy: Sieg Heil

Farewell to a good name

Now that the granddaddy Watergate trial is over, look for the special prosecutor's office to tie up some loose ends—like Maurice Stans. Remember Maury? Well, it's doubtful he'll ever get his good name back. He has been offered a deal under which he would plead guilty to multiple campaign financing misdemeanors. He's been stalling on the deal for months, but he can't hold out much longer. The prosecutors, no longer preoccupied with bigger fish, should come a-callin' soon.

UPI

Harris: the only crusade in town

Fred Harris?!

Some Democratic pols are concerned that the "populist" campaign of former Oklahoma Senator Fred Harris will play havoc with the selection of the party's next presidential candidate. Harris, a presidential also-ran in '72 who gave up his Senate seat in the face of almost certain defeat in Oklahoma, stands to benefit from the new campaign-spending law, and his rock-'em-sock-'em style is bound to generate TV coverage wherever he goes.

"Harris is one of the reasons we had to declare so early," concedes an aide to Mo Udall, another dark horse contender on the Democratic left. "We had to recommend that Mondale not go to New Hampshire," adds Mike Berman, the man who presided over the dismantling of the Mondale campaign before it even got started. The reason? Fred Harris has the largest political organization in that bellwether state.

If Harris can actually confound the experts and do well in New Hampshire, he might really get something going. The chances of that happening are by no means remote, a fact to which both Gene McCarthy and George McGovern can attest. "People love a crusade in New Hampshire," says Manchester Mayor Silvio DePuis, "and Harris is the only crusade in town."

Strange deportment

The politics of the Immigration Department become more fascinating by the day. First, there was the deportation proceeding against John Lennon, which is still being argued in court. Then came the case of the six students from South Vietnam who, after speaking out against Nguyen Van Thieu on campuses in the U.S., had their papers pulled and are being threatened with a forced return to South Vietnam, their pleas for asylum notwithstanding. Most recently, there is the case of Maurice Girodias, a French publisher and the co-author of *President Kissinger*, an irreverent but harmless piece of "political fiction." Girodias is now fighting his own deportation because of his book.

Of the three deportation proceedings, the one against the Vietnamese students is the most shocking because the students face

UPI

Laise: by any name just as oblique

An invitation from the British Royal Mint to purchase its first set of decimal coinage in proof form.

On February 15th, 1971, the United Kingdom converted to decimal currency. The change marked the end of the pounds, shillings and pence which had made up the currency for more than 1,200 years.

The British Royal Mint is pleased to announce that a first proof set of this 1971 decimal coinage is now available to you and we invite you to place your order now.

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This first decimal set includes six coins and the Royal Mint medallion. It is presented in a slim, sealed, acrylic case which protects the coin set but enables it to be examined and displayed without possibility of harm.

The set is composed of six new denominations: the 50 new pence piece, the 10 new pence piece, the 5 new pence piece, the 2 new pence piece, the new penny and the new halfpenny piece.

The first three are struck in cupro-nickel and the last three in bronze.

The whole set is yours for just $10.50, including postage and handling.

This is an accepted proof set

Proof sets are finished to a much more stringent standard than are ordinary coins. The dies must be of the highest quality and polished to a mirrorlike finish. Each coin is struck with extra firm pressure and carefully examined for flaws. It is slow, meticulous work but it ensures a finish of great beauty and durability.

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almost certain punishment upon their return to Saigon. The national press has so far paid little attention to the case, but a groundswell of support may yet develop. On February 13 the Defense Committee Against Deportation of Vietnamese for Peace will turn in a petition for asylum with 10,000 signatures to the Immigration and Naturalization Service in Boston. Meanwhile, a former AID worker in Vietnam, Theodore Jacqueney, now the editorial page editor of the *Daily Journal* (Elizabeth, New Jersey), has asked Sargent Shriver and Frank Mankiewicz to intervene, Shriver with Senators Cranston and Tunney (the students had been going to colleges on the West Coast) and Mankiewicz with Kissinger. Jacqueney sent his own letter to Kissinger, whom he had met upon returning from Vietnam, arguing mercy for the students. In reply he received a most interesting letter from one Carol Laise, assistant secretary for public affairs in the State Department. Wrote Ms. Laise: the department is aware "of no case in which persons returning to South Vietnam have been persecuted for political activities carried on outside the jurisdiction of that country." Here's the catch: Ms. Laise, 67, our former ambassador to Nepal, also happens to be the wife of Ellsworth Bunker, our former ambassador to South Vietnam—and one of Thieu's most persistent apologists.

Taking no chances

Why, you may wonder, are the big auto manufacturers going to the bureaucratic trouble of giving rebates to new car customers instead of simply lowering prices? The answer is as simple as corporate pie; if wage and price controls go into effect anytime during the rebate period, the car manufacturers are not stuck with lower prices.

A black woman on the Supreme Court?

The White House has finally begun to leak the names of possible successors to ailing Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, in the wake of complications following Douglas' recent stroke. The name most prominently mentioned is that of Phillip Kurland, the conservative University of Chicago law professor. Kurland, a Democrat, is a highly regarded constitutional expert and a strict constructionist—not the Warren Burger kind. Another possibility floated by some White House aides is Patricia Roberts Harris, the shrewd black Washington lawyer who headed the Democratic Credentials Committee in 1972. Harris would almost certainly run into opposition from President Ford's fellow Republicans, but such a nomination might be a good political ploy just prior to the 1976 elections.

The Supreme Court, meanwhile, is in a bit of a dither over how to proceed minus Douglas. A number of important decisions are being postponed until later in this session in the hope that Douglas will be able to return. Attorneys involved in some cases, mainly involving pornography convictions, are seeking postponements since they will need the liberal Douglas' vote.

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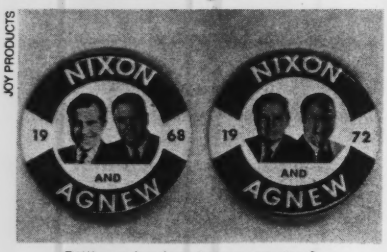

Still a winning team, sort of

Now more than ever

There's at least one businessman around who isn't cursing Richard Nixon's memory. Ron Beatus, the president of Joy Products of New York, sells political memorabilia through the mails and, following both the 1968 and 1972 Nixon-Agnew campaigns, he bought up 10,000 excess buttons bearing the faces of the Republican standard-bearers. In the last month he has sold 2,000 of each—at six times what he paid for them.

Sears in arrears

The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission is nearing the litigation stage of its massive investigation of Sears, Roebuck and Company, according to sources close to the commission. Sears, the largest retail corporation in the U.S. and the nation's second largest employer of women, has allegedly maintained a deplorable record in upgrading the jobs of female employees.

Studies by the U.S. Civil Rights Commission and the Council on Economic Priorities show that women at Sears held about 83 percent of the traditionally low-paying sales and clerical jobs. Women make up only about 7 percent of the officials and executives in the Sears company nationwide. Additionally, the corporation refuses to post job openings for women who wish to advance within the company, maintains separate job categories and pay scales for the same work, and channels female employees into dead-end, entry level positions, outside of Sears training programs.

The EEOC Sears investigation is one of five being conducted by the commission and is on a par with its suit against the American Telephone and Telegraph Company which forced AT&T to pay over $45 million in back wages to its female and minority employees.

SEVENTIES

Tattoo chic

As those who are truly observant know, tattooing has made a comeback in recent years, so it should not come as a surprise that the Tattoo Club of America—dormant for 15 years—has also returned, revived by Spider Webb, a veteran tattooist with a degree in fine art. Like everyone involved in tattooing, Webb resents the distaste with which many people view it ("I don't have to justify tattooing," he says. "If these people didn't frown on it, they'd find something else to frown on"), and he sees his organization as a means of enlightening the uninformed.

The uninformed, it seems, are being enlightened at a terrific rate. "The increase in my business is phenomenal," says Webb, "particularly among women, who now make up over half of my customers. And women make more intelligent choices in tattoos than men. They're more concerned about their bodies. Men will get a tattoo just for a laugh."

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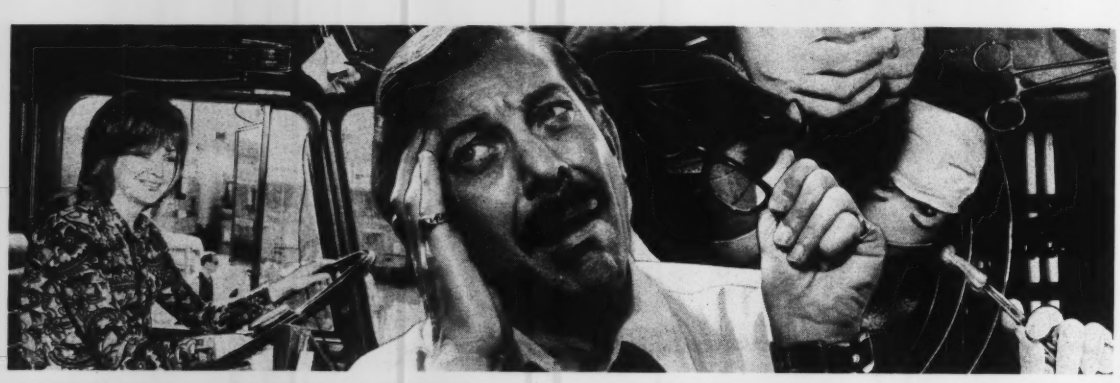
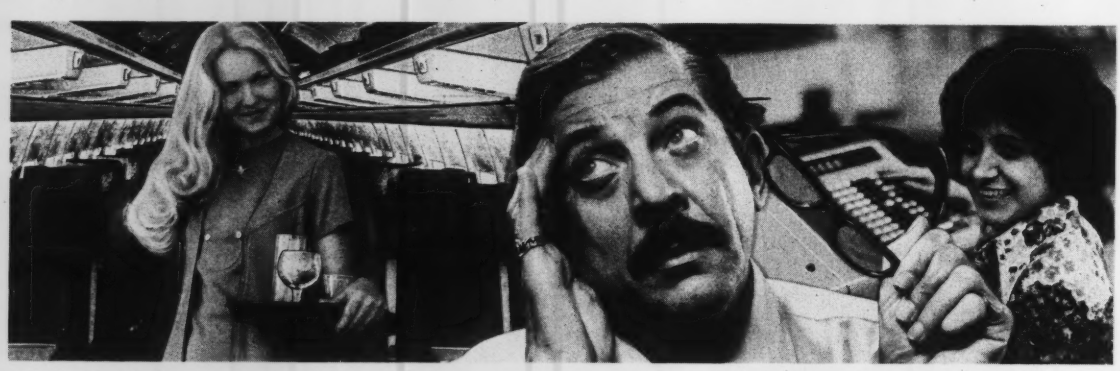
in school administration, from grade school to high school through college.



TEAMSTERS are women . . . like Judy Hill, an over-the-road driver in Teamster Local 538 . . . she solos a 10-speed GMC Astro 290 tractor (P.S., she's 5'4" and weighs 125 lbs. and her trailer weighs 15 tons).

TEAMSTERS are women . . . nurses, nurses aides, dental and optical lab technicians throughout the country.



TEAMSTERS are women . . . in the airline industry. Stewardesses for non-commercial and some commercial carriers, reservation clerks, ticket counter help and office personnel.

TEAMSTERS are women . . . in the food and clothing trade as grocery clerks and checkers.

TEAMSTERS are women . . . in the clerical industry which consists of PBX operators, computer operators and even installers across the nation. Chances are . . . one of your neighbors is a Teamster, maybe a Teamster woman!

TEAMSTERS

A part of the American Life

newsletter and hosting get-togethers, Webb's organization will give awards for the Best Tattoo and the Most Interesting Tattoo. And what's an interesting tattoo? "Well," says Webb, "I just turned a guy's nipple into an eyeball. It's bloodshot, it's got incredibly long lashes and it's got a big tear coming out of it." He pauses for a moment. "I just might put a monacle on his other nipple."

HEALTH

By Marion Steinmann

Plié . . . . crrack

Ballet dancers pay a stiff price for their skills—literally in their bones. In an X-ray survey of the members of the Cincinnati Ballet Company and other dancers, radiologist Harold Schneider and colleagues at the University of Cincinnati School of Medicine found that all the dancers showed

EARNST HAAS/MAGNUM

Suffering for art

characteristic abnormalities (thickening of bone shafts, chips and spurs on their bones, even stress fractures of the long bones in their legs) resulting from the unnatural postures and positions they assumed. "The overall bony pattern" in the legs, explains Dr. Schneider in *Radiology*, is "so unique and consistent" that he quickly can spot ballet dancers by their leg X-rays alone.

Hands up

If you weren't able to figure out whether you are right-handed or left-handed the last time we gave you a handedness test (*New Times*, September 20, 1974), here is another test you can try. Make a fist with each hand, leaving your thumbs sticking up, says Dr. Harold Crowe of the Los Angeles Orthopaedic Hospital. Then put your hands behind your back and try to reach up toward your shoulders as high as you can—but don't let your hands touch each other. Your dominant hand, explains Dr. Crowe, won't be able to reach up as far as the other.

THE WORD

Ol' shrewd eyes

Frank Sinatra's most recent album is a hoax. Entitled *Sinatra: The Main Event*, the jacket announces: "Live from Madison Square Garden, New York City, October 13, 1974."

Sinatra was in such poor voice the night of the live, televised concert, however, that the real "live" recording was virtually unusable, except for the breathless lead-in by Howard Cosell. So Reprise Records went through a library of tapes made on the same concert tour, and producer Don Costa came up with an album of the same wine, but from different bottles.

Ready when you are, B.C.

Bernie Cornfeld, late of the Overseas Investment Corporation and the Swiss prison system, is about to embark on a career in film production. Cornfeld, who reportedly walked away from the ruins of OIC with a cool 20 million, has purchased the Southwest Studios in Phoenix from Dick Van Dyke, who built them a few years back to be able to shoot his TV series close to home. Cornfeld's first film venture—he will be a principal investor—will be *Jackpot*, featuring Robert Mitchum, Charlotte Rampling, Richard Burton and Burton's girlfriend, Princess Elizabeth.

Deeper than dirt

Porno director-writer-producer Gerry Damiano, who gave the world *Deep Throat* and assorted lesser wonders, is writing his memoirs, tentatively titled *Going Deeper*. Damiano reportedly plans to reveal how he discovered Linda Lovelace, who subsequently became his lover, and how MGM once asked him to set up a porno unit.

POST SCRIPTS

Polaroid (Nov. 29)

Polaroid's SX-70, the little camera that couldn't, is having more problems. Ironically, one of the technological quirks that is partially responsible for bringing the giant corporation to its knees is proving to be a boon for terrorists who want to send letter bombs.

Initially, the battery that came with every film pack had a shelf-life of only three months, which meant that by the time they were assembled, distributed and reached dealers' shelves, they were dead. Thousands of film packs had to be returned, and although the shelf-life has now been lengthened to eight months, that is still not enough—for Polaroid.

But terrorists, who work on much shorter time fuses, have no quarrel with the battery at all. Until recently, letter bombs, though the size of ordinary letters, were detectable because of their abnormal thickness and weight. But because of the Polaroid battery, terrorists no longer need to worry about zealous postal inspectors. Consisting of 19 layers compressed into a wafer, the six-volt battery is no thicker than a piece of routine mail—and it is just the thing for detonating a letter bomb.

CURT GUNTHER/CAMERA 5

Cornfeld: back in business

The greening of the womb (Dec. 27)

Dr. D. H. Richards of Oxford, England, has made a study of 56 women who had hysterectomies, comparing them painstakingly with a control group of 56 women of the same ages who underwent other major surgical procedures (mastectomies, appendectomies and so forth). The post-hysterectomy women, he found, were far more likely to suffer from hot flushes, extreme tiredness, headaches, dizziness and insomnia, and some 70 percent of the hysterectomy patients had depression within three years of their operation, compared with only 30 percent of the controls. These findings, Dr. Richards believes, indicate that there is a definite "post-hysterectomy syndrome."

"Will the last person leaving Detroit please turn out the lights"

(local bumper sticker)

By Robert Sam Anson

What strikes you is the emptiness, the utter, overpowering void. Here you are in the very belly of the monster, this Gargantua, a space larger than six football fields laid end to end, and in it, nothing moves. The clattering chain belts commanded by computers to deliver up fenders and transmissions and bumpers, each exactly in their turn, stand motionless. A few final parts, trapped when the computer issued its ultimate order, hang frozen in space from giant hooks, like limbs severed from a body. Up and down the lines, where the hiss of compressed air once drowned out thought, no sound is heard: not a word, not a cry, not a whisper. The place aches for motion, for the sound of work. It is as if some plague beyond comprehension, some fiendish neutron bomb, has snuffed out only life and left all else intact, eerily untouched, a relic of the trauma. The image is irresistible. When the end comes, it will look like this.

For Detroit, the end may already be at hand. Not from some natural calamity or work of man. What is killing Detroit is something unseen, hard to fight, impossible for most Detroiters to understand. And yet it is nothing more complicated than a simple individual choice. In Detroit they call it "a lack of consumer confidence." What it means is that, for some reason, Americans have chosen this year, out of all others, as the year not to buy a car.

People in Detroit will give you many reasons why this has happened: the economy, the auto price increases, the environmentalists, even the Arabs. They will say that one or all these things are responsible for the 20 plants that have been closed, the 280,000 men who have been thrown out of work, the nearly 1.7 million unsold cars that are sitting in parking lots and dealer showrooms across the country. That, they will say, is why unemployment in this city now hovers at 14 percent, nearly double the national rate, and among the city's blacks at 30 percent, headed toward 40 percent, a full 15 percent beyond the threshold of what is officially defined as a depression. That mysterious "consumer confidence," they will say, makes 105,000 Detroiters go to bed hungry every night. But the explanations lack conviction. Because what Detroiters are trying to define is why their city—the "arsenal of democracy" they call it, even today—after giving shape to the nation for so many decades, is apparently no longer needed. It is not easy.

Cars have always been Detroit. And Detroit has always been America. When Charlie Wilson, Dwight Eisenhower's defense secretary, told Congress that "what is good for General Motors is good for America," he was merely stating, if crassly, an established truth. Detroit gave America its mobility, a machine that perfectly matched the country's mood of independence, richness and power. And if those machines laid waste to the countryside, fouled the air and drained the resources from the earth, well, there was something particularly American about that, too. A system of values, a way of life grew up around the car. Today, one out of every six working Americans devotes his labors in some way to this single machine's production. Detroit has reason to be proud. Far more than Washington or New York, it was America's heart.

While President Ford and Congress argue, Detroit stands still. Says Coleman Young, the city's black mayor, "We've gotta stop bullshitting around. This is no recession. This is a depression"

A tough, mean heart in many ways, but always the vital organ. To see the source of America's power, you had to come here, and, each year, at the State Department's insistence, hundreds of visiting dignitaries did, never failing to be impressed. The politicians came, too. Whatever point they wanted to make—that America was sick, that America was healthy—Detroit was the place to make it. Traditionally, Democratic presidential campaigns began in Cadillac Square in Detroit on Labor Day. It was the party's way of paying obeisance to the powerhouse that made politics possible. In 1972 the McGovern campaign skipped the Labor Day rally. For some reason, Detroit didn't seem so necessary anymore. Maybe it was the first sign that something fundamental had changed.

Now the change has arrived with a vengeance. This city has lived on the car, become its symbol—indeed, existed because of it—and now, viciously, it is the car that it is killing it. The prime article of faith—that Americans would always need cars and, thus, always Detroit—has come unstuck. Chrysler Chairman Lynn Townsend says the era of the 10 million car year has passed; that the 6 million car year has arrived. For Detroit, that can mean only one thing. "We gotta stop bullshitting around," as Coleman Young, Detroit's black mayor puts it. "This is no *re*cession. This is a *de*pression." "There's a saying around this town that when the rest of the country sneezes, Detroit gets pneumonia," adds an official at Ford, which has already laid off 85,000 workers. "Well, I got news for you. This time the pneumonia is contagious."

You don't need statistics to sense the infection. Turn on your car radio. The most-requested song in Detroit today is not some number by Gladys Knight and the Pips or Smokey Robinson and the Miracles (Berry Gordy took Diana Ross and the Motown sound to the coast three years ago), but "Please, Mr. President," a bit of mawkish doggerel recited by Paula

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

Webb, a 10-year-old daughter of an unemployed Ypsilanti auto worker. "Daddy's not like he used to be," the lyrics go. "He doesn't laugh or smile . . . I don't think it's fair . . . my daddy's a kind and honest man . . . I don't think it's his fault, but he says it's not his bosses' either, so whose fault is it? That's why I am writing to you . . . 'cause I know you can help me . . . God bless you, Mr. President." Or switch on the television set, and hear a country and western singer pitch a collection of "best-loved sacred songs" . . . "you're going to be mighty glad you bought them for the troubled times ahead." Or drop by Dirty Helen's, the most popular single swinger bar in town, where "to cheer everybody up" the piano player offers an up-tempo rendition of "Things are Going to Get Better." And, if you believe it, drive out Joseph Campau Blvd. to the Club 777 in Hamtramck, the grimy Polish enclave built around Chrysler's Dodge Main Plant ("Dotch main," the neighborhood calls it) and spend some time with the men in blue mechanics shirts who drink Kessler's whiskey, double after double, until, mercifully, they can no longer stand. Or drive out to the black east side of Detroit, past the Chrysler Jefferson Plant, where 4,000 of the 6,000 men are

It never changed: the cost-effective necessity of slamming six rivets into the fender of a Dodge every 40 seconds

not to mention the 25 different interior combinations, the "Potomac cloth" upholstery for "the zestful-minded" (the more traditional buyer might prefer "the elegant velour we call Prado cloth"), *and* the new rear bumper *and*, bow to the Arabs, "the maximum mileage system." Those who managed to tear themselves away from American Motors' "economy driver game" and the girls in Catalina swimsuits go-going for Chevy might have noticed a few changes about this year's show. It was confined to one floor, for instance; last year, it enveloped two. The campers and motor homes were gone, too, wiped out by the gasoline price increases. And, in the afternoons, they were admitting automo-

BENYAS/KAUFMAN

The unemployment office: now they start lining up outside at 5:00 a.m.

out of work, to the unemployment office on Connor Road. Best go early, though. These days, they start lining up outside the door at 5:00 a.m., three hours before the office opens, to have the privilege of standing in front of one of the seven lines that stretch back 40 people deep.

There is still an air of unreality about it all. At the annual Detroit Auto Show a few weeks ago, the crowds were still queuing up in front of Cobo Hall to watch models in evening gowns go through practical spiels about the 16 exterior color combinations that are available on this year's edition of the Buick Skylark, bile workers free—provided they could show proof that they were unemployed.

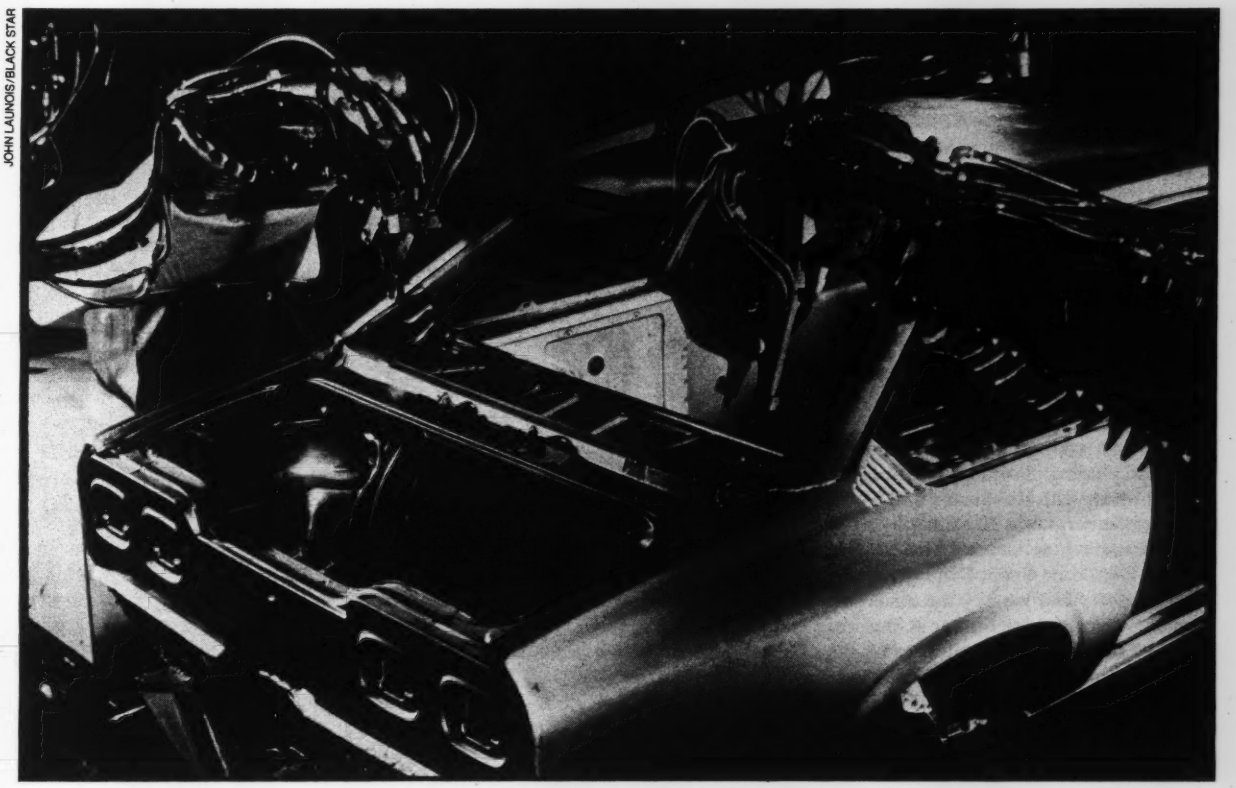
The city believes in the myth it sold to the world, that Ford really *did* have a better idea, that Chevrolet honestly *was* right for America. As late as September, Henry Ford II was confidently predicting that the industry, fully recovered from the effects of the Arab oil embargo, would go on to set new records in 1975. Mr. Ford—Hank the Deuce, as he is known in Detroit—also added that the company his grandfather founded would be, like its competitors, raising the price on its product an average of $400 to $500 per car, about as much as they were raised last year. Chrysler backed up its optimism about 1975 by spending $400 million to redesign its entire line. The new look, unsurprisingly, was longer, lower and sleeker than the old look, which itself was a copy of the GM look. All that was missing was a small car. "The American people just won't climb into them. They have to give up too much creature comfort," Townsend was saying only a year ago. "I think even the compact's a little small. . . . You are still going to see a lot of big ones."

And then, something funny happened. People stopped buying.

A temporary readjustment, Detroit concluded, an unpleasant, but surely passing reaction to the specter of the $3,000 Pinto (stripped). Detroit was accustomed to slack periods. They came and went with the seasons, like the ice on Lake St. Clair, and just as predictably disappeared. This "downturn" would be no different. Even after the layoffs began in September, most of official Detroit refused to take the phenomenon seriously. If anything, many autoworkers, whose supplemental unemployment benefits provided them with 95 percent of their base salary—as long as the company SUB funds lasted, that is—welcomed the layoffs as an opportunity to take a winter vacation. Michigan's ski resorts reported record business. Disney World in Florida became so choked with tourists, many of them autoworkers, that for a time the entertainment world had to close its doors. Seemingly unconcerned, Mayor Young, himself a former autoworker and UAW organizer, flew off to the Caribbean as a guest of the Jamaica Tourist Board, his third such holiday in 18 months.

Opinions vary on when Detroit finally realized that something drastic in the way it had always done business had changed. Maybe it was that dark first week in December when 60,000 men were laid off in one crack, not for a two or three week retooling but "indefinitely," a word in Detroit that has come to mean "permanently." By Christmas the nightmare had set in. At A.O. Hudson's, Detroit's big department store, they were having after Christmas sales before Christmas. A $35 sweater was being marked down to $4.95. To mark the somberness of the occasion, on Christmas Eve one local television station had an actor dressed as Santa Claus inform the watching kiddies that he had been forced to lay off some of the elves at his toy factory, and, as a result, he wouldn't have toys for all of them this year. A state unemployment official who watched the performance broke down and cried.

JOHN LAUNOIS/BLACK STAR



A few final parts, trapped when the computer issued its ultimate order, hang frozen in space, like limbs from a severed body.

But, then, the official was a transplanted New Yorker. Detroiters are made of sterner stuff. They like to brag about the toughness of their town—"One helluva tough town," the mayor says, "not like these little bullshit towns like Boston"—its Wild West, wide-open quality, even in the number of its murders (801 last year, giving Detroit the highest homicide rate in the country). The economy is just one of many plagues Detroit lives with and, at least in the past, has learned to master. Back in 1958, the last time recession hit Detroit, 120,000 men were thrown out of work, and still the city took it and kept on coming, long after lesser places would have cracked. Then, Detroiters had reason to be optimistic. They knew that cars would come back, that Americans had to drive and that, when they returned, there would be money in people's pockets as usual. Now, they aren't so sure. This time, no one has money.

The money has always been the lure. Since that revolutionary day in 1924 when Henry Ford offered $5 pay for an eight-hour day (a move that *The Wall Street Journal* denounced as "putting Biblical teachings in places where they don't apply"), Detroit has been a magnet for the wretched of the earth—and those who'd like to hustle them. "No one lives in Detroit because they want to," says one city official. "They come to it because they have to." Like the hillbillies. Until a few months ago, Appalachian whites were still riding the Brooks Bus Line nonstop from Paducah, Kentucky, to Detroit, where, the stories in the hills went, a man could come into town, virtually shoeless, and walk right into a job that paid $5.50 an hour, with a guarantee of plenty of time and a half and double-time overtime on top of that. The hillbillies found money, all right, and a kind of raw, hard city life they hadn't bargained for. The jukeboxes in the hillbilly bars "Down River" still play Bobby Bare's recording of their lament:

Some folks think I'm big
in Detroit City.
By the letters that I write,
they think I'm just fine.
But by day I make the cars,
By night, I make the bars,
Oh, how I want to go home.

They seldom did, however. They stayed as long as the money held out, tied down by another urban convention: credit buying. Cars, houses, boats, cottages, mobile homes, color television sets and stereos, all of them on credit, credit based on the assumption that they would make 10 and 20 hours of overtime every week the rest of their working lives. They weren't the only ones. The message that went to Appalachia also went south to Georgia and Alabama and into the ears of poor blacks, who piled into Greyhounds and came north for a taste of the good life. And, to a remarkable extent, they found it.

Detroit today, a city half white, half black, boasts the largest black middle class in the nation and the highest percentage of home ownership (and, along with it, the percentage of mortgage foreclosures). Coleman Young is untypical only in the office he holds. In varying forms, his story—born in Alabama, high school graduate, long years in a Ford plant (first as a worker, then as a union organizer), and finally, the great leap into respectability, membership in the establishment itself—is repeated endlessly in the city his people called "Motown." "'Detroit," as he puts it, "is filled with guys like me."

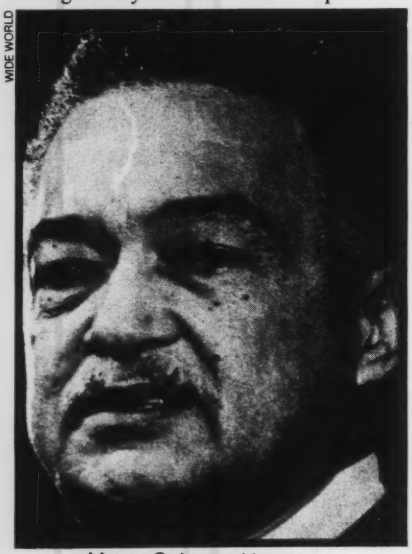
You can meet them on Super Sunday, crowding into a union hall in suburban Detroit, gathering to watch the game over a nostalgic feast of chitterlings, rabbit, possum, coon and sweet potato pie, food once eaten out of necessity, now reserved for only the most special of occasions. The parking lot outside is filled with Buicks and Oldsmobiles. Inside, the banter is what one would expect from any members of the upwardly mobile middle class: the capabilities of Franco Harris, the new car that the family bought a week

ago, the orthodontist that will be needed for Leona. Close your eyes, take away the smell of simmering soul food and replace it with the odor of Polish ham, and you could be Hamtramck, where, no doubt in another union hall at precisely that moment, members of the white upwardly mobile middle class are discussing exactly the same things. As you sit in the midst of these men, their eyes now glued to the six big-screen color television sets in front of them, you notice that on a wall above them is a banner with a quotation from Walter Reuther, some high-sounding pap about everyone getting along and union men being impossible to enslave. And suddenly you know that Reuther had it all figured, that taking the money from the CIA, and purging his union of lefties, and getting along with the Sloans and Fords and Gerstenbergs, was all brilliantly right. Because that is how America worked. And here in Detroit on Super Sunday was the living proof. "Did we buy the American Dream?" asks Richard Simmons, head of the Urban Studies Institute at Wayne State University, a black man and former autoworker. "You bet we bought it, and all the values that go with it, lock, stock and barrel."

The cost of all this fine living, however, has been fearsomely high. Detroit, once a stately Midwestern town where a floral design on the lawn of the city hall proclaimed "a city for leisurely living," is now a prototypical victim of auto-suicide. In design the city is laid out, fittingly enough, in the shape of a wheel; all it lacks is a hub to hold the spokes—the Chrysler, Ford and Fisher freeways—together. Downtown Detroit is ghostly and deserted, a Midwestern Los Angeles, only bleaker. The place is almost determinedly dreary, as if the planners purposely eliminated any frills that would distract from Detroit's main task, which is and always has been work. And not just any work, but the most brutal, mind-numbing kind, jobs that required not skill but submission, surrender to the cost-effective necessity of slamming six rivets into the fender of a Dodge every 40 seconds, 60 minutes an hour, 10 hours a day, 6 days a week. It never changed. The line never stopped. Always those same six rivets. And the workers hated it, hated themselves for doing it, hated the town that made them do it. "I've been in a lot of towns, but I've never been in a town that is hated so much," says a reporter who has worked in Detroit for 15 years. "The feeling about this town is a psychosis."

And still the farm boys and ethnics and blacks kept coming. Hated or not, Detroit was opportunity. The money rubbed off on everything, everything except Detroit itself. In spite of all the wealth around it, Detroit deteriorated and declined. No one ever seemed to know quite why. "We always used to say Detroit is ready to go," recalls a former city official. "Somehow, it never quite went." Perhaps it lacked the heart to make it go. The city had neighborhoods aplenty—pockets of Poles, Germans, Arabs, Greeks, Irish, Jews, Italians and Lithuanians. All it needed was a reason for them to come together. Detroit was constantly a city of newcomers and strangers, each one of them a potential rival for a job and, hence, not to be trusted. Even among the executives, Ford men tended to socialize with other Ford men, GM men with GM men. They, were, in fact, different breeds of men. GM types tended, like their company, to be stolid and square, "not the sort of fellows," as one Detroiter puts it, "to chase after their secretaries." At Ford, where the styling was flashier, the atmosphere, like Hank the Deuce, was looser, the men more open, informal, given to wearing turtleneck sweaters and white shoes. For each, "community" was gathering round a backyard barbecue pit, with six of one's closest friends, invariably the guys from the office. You talked what everyone talked about in Detroit: cars, how they were selling, could they be selling better, and what would an increase in sales do to this year's bonuses. If you lived in Detroit, cars were your life. It was not so much that people had narrow interests; it was simply that, in a city that measures tradition as from one model year to the next, there were no other interests.

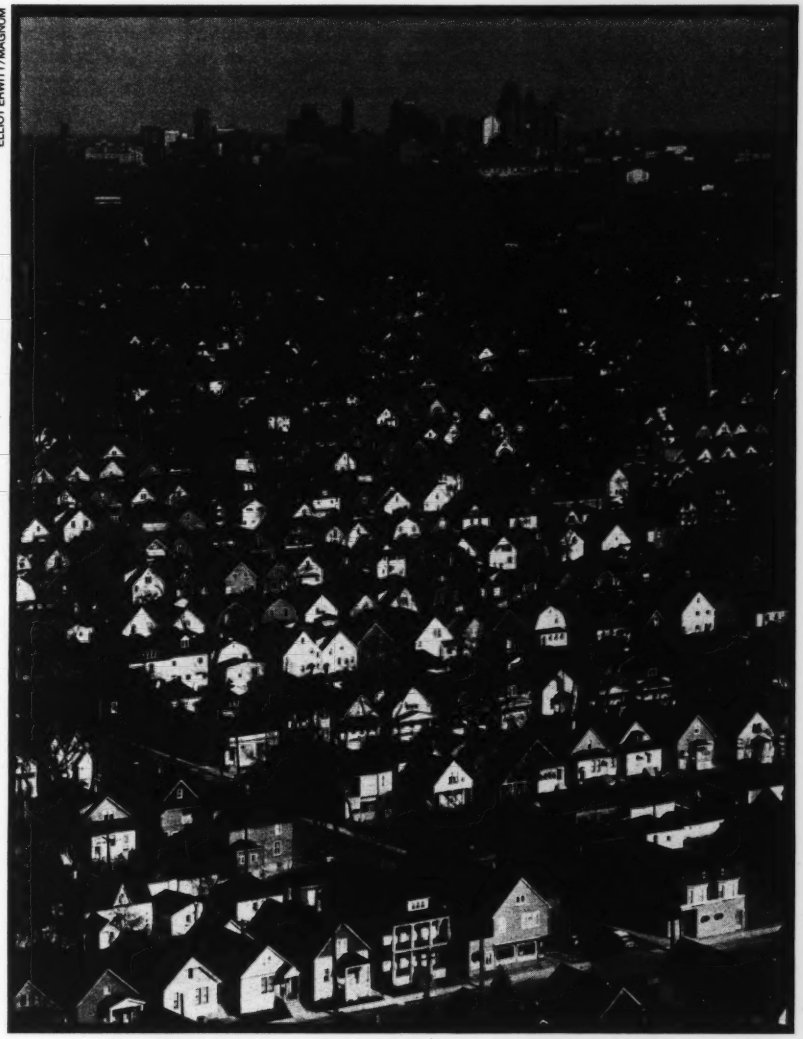
Unless it was, well, "the crime problem." That's what people called it, though everyone knew that the problem was really with *them*. Even the blacks knew it. A year ago, in an off the record social gathering with Detroit reporters, Coleman Young got his biggest laugh when he remarked about his city's murder rate: "We all know that guns don't kill people, *schwartzes* kill people." Most whites in Detroit, though, don't think blacks are very funny. As a matter of fact, they are terrorized by them. As long as 30 years ago, husbands would warn their wives not to venture into Detroit on any Tuesday—or "Toesday," as they called it. Legend had it that on Toesday all the black people stepped on white people's toes, bumped into them and pushed them around. In later years, it would be said with equal conviction at the fashionable Somerset shopping mall in nearby Troy that a white woman wasn't safe in Cadillac Square at high noon—that blacks had become that bold. And when some white woman did have the temerity to venture into downtown Detroit, her bravery made for cocktail conversation for a week. In time, it got to be that when a white suburbanite remarked to his neighbor that he and the missus had been "down in Detroit" the other day for a concert—meaning they had driven in their locked car to the underground garage beneath the Ford Auditorium, gone upstairs and, on their return, repeated the process in reverse, driving fast and praying the lights were with them—he could do so with a certain verbal swagger, befitting so audacious an expedition. Gradually, as the conviction spread that Detroit was a "jungle," as a local newspaper editor—a suburbanite—puts it, the reality caught up to the myth, and Detroit became, in fact, what it is today. A jungle.


WIDE WORLD

Mayor Coleman Young: "One helluva tough town . . ."

The end came in 1967. The riots that year took the lives of 43 people; they also took with them any chance Detroit had of recovery. From time to time, there are attempts to bring the city to life again, the latest a $750-million hotel and office building complex christened Renaissance Center, now stalled while Henry Ford II seeks out Arab oil money to refloat the project, and a lot of hollow-sounding civic boosterism, like the bumper stickers that appeared a few years ago reading "Detroit: Love it or Leave it." The bumper stickers were abandoned when it became apparent that people were taking them to heart and deserting the city in droves. "There is one sure sign that you have made it in Detroit," says a local doctor. "That is if you are able to get out."

Thanks to the car, hundreds of thousands have been able to get out, the workers to places like Southfield and Royal Oak, the executives to towns like Grosse Pointe, Birmingham and



ELLIOT ERWITT/MAGNUM

A prototypical victim of auto-suicide, Detroit boasts the largest percentage of home ownership in the country.

Bloomfield Hills. For them, Detroit is an exit on one of the freeways, a factory where one spends enough hours to make enough money to get as far away as possible. Even Jerry Cavanagh, the Kennedy-style liberal who was Detroit's mayor during the early and middle '60s, has abandoned the town for the more peaceful climes of Ann Arbor, though his loss is hardly as grievous as that of the Detroit Lions, who have pulled up stakes for Pontiac, 30 miles to the north. For those who remain, trapped by their jobs, there is not much joy, however high they climb. "These men are monks, monks who have traded in their prayer books for the production line," a minister once told a reporter, in describing the city's auto executives. "From the way they work, I sometimes think they want to overwhelm God with their cars. It may sound odd for me to say this, but I don't give as much of myself to my church as many of them do to General Motors and Ford." For those who lasted, who ground 10 to 12 hours a day, six days a week, there was always money, a lot of money. In 1974 alone, Chrysler's Townsend collected nearly $171,560 in salary *bonus* payments, even while he was leading his company into debt. The year before, the figure had been more than $440,000. On a far smaller scale, the factory workers enriched themselves, too. But there was always something manic in the pursuit. An executive's wife once complained to *Fortune*: "My husband and I have not been out together after nine for six months. He's always away on business a lot and when he's home he leaves the house before seven and he gets back to dinner exhausted. Then he goes to bed. For all we get out of it, we might as well be living in a cave." In a foreman murder case in 1971, a black autoworker at Chrysler accused of killing his foreman pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity. The factory, his lawyers explained, had driven the man crazy. That was one explanation a Detroit jury could appreciate; the worker was acquitted.

In Detroit's peculiar compulsion, there is something quintessentially American: work harder and longer, build bigger and better. It was one of the creeds Detroit bestowed to the nation, along with wraparound taillights and planned obsolescence. And it made Detroit what it is today: "A mom, apple pie and hotdog town," as Larry Doss, president of New Detroit, Inc., the urban coalition that sprang up the week after the riots, puts it. "The most fiercely American of any of our cities." There is no arguing the fierceness in a city where even the mayor owns a gun. Even the murders have a uniquely Detroit style. Last year, the fashion was Mark IV murders. Seems that the bodies of the more than a dozen victims thus disposed of were always found at the airport, neatly tucked into the trunk of a new Lincoln Continental Mark IV, the ultimate in Detroit status. As "Red," a local hooker, explains it: "Everybody in this town is making it. You make it by giving people what they want. You give them cars, and if the cars drive them nuts, you give them smack to forget about the cars. It's just free enterprise. That's the old American way, isn't it?"

As far as Detroit was concerned, it was the only way. Everyone had benefitted from it, from top executives to lowliest porters, and so no one seriously questioned it, not even when Henry Ford II predicted that, given the way the economy was headed, the price of a Pinto would rise to $5,000 by 1980. The assumption was based on past performance. The public had paid before; they would continue to pay in the future. Detroit could hardly challenge such wisdom; it was what paid the bills. The United Automobile Workers, the industry's most logical critic, was, in fact, its most consistent booster. When GM sent its executives to Washington to oppose new safety requirements and emission controls as detrimental to profits, the UAW lobbyists came trailing in their wake, saying that Congress' demands would shrink the number of jobs. Even contract negotiations had a carefully choreographed stagelike quality to them. Publicly, the UAW leadership would talk of "work enrichment" and "fundamental alterations in the way the auto industry does business." Once they sat down at the bargaining table, their concern quickly switched to dollars and cents. "They use different words," says *Free Press* reporter William Serrin, author of the critical *The*

Company and the Union, "but they speak the same language. In the crunch their interests are identical."

The interest was maximizing profits, since bigger profits for the company meant greater opportunity for the union to extract bigger wages for its workers. The economics were simple. The larger the price tag on a car, the more sizable the profit margin. If a Chevy Vega brought in a profit of $125, and a Chevy Caprice, twice that amount, logic dictated that the more Caprices and the less Vegas the better. So long, that is, as the public kept buying. Warnings that one day the bubble would burst came long before Ralph Nader. In 1924 Charles F. Kettering, the GM automotive mogul and inventor, forecast that "the wanton consumption of horsepower in propelling heavy motor vehicles portends disaster." The wise manufacturers, he said, see "signs that point the way to a smaller, less expensive car." Kettering, for all his genius, was dismissed as an impractical visionary.

Now that Kettering has been proven right, there is talk in Detroit that by 1980, 80 percent of the cars the industry builds will be compacts and sub-compacts (Maverick and Pinto-sized), though, of course, with such Detroit touches as power-steering, air conditioning and deep-pile shag carpeting for the trunk that can add as much as $1,000 or more to the cost of a compact. Buyers, in short, will be getting less for more money. What is missing in Detroit is the old confidence that the standard gimmickry will work anymore. "I keep scratching my head and asking myself, 'Why,'" GM Chairman Thomas Murphy recently told a reporter. "When I look at all the pluses, I can make a case for a record automobile year."

No one in Detroit knows what the future holds or what steps to take to change it. That, as much as anything, is what makes this recession so profoundly different from anything Detroit has ever experienced before. "We're being overwhelmed by things we have no control over," says an official of the UAW. "Inflation, the environmentalists, the oil embargo. If all it took to end it were changing a model or building a new car, we could do it. But this is something you can't get a hold of. How do you fight it? What do you do?" The uncertainty and powerlessness is pervasive. "A lot of the guys who come in here, white collar guys, guys who were making 20 or 25 grand, their world has been turned upside down," says the branch manager of one private employment agency. "When you tell them that there just aren't jobs out there anymore that will pay them the kind of money they've been used to making, they just don't know how to handle it. They keep asking what they can do. Well, the answer, if you are an industrial engineer who has spent all his working life monitoring exhaust emission standards, is that there is nothing you can do. No one worries about exhaust emissions except Detroit. If Detroit doesn't want you, nobody does."

In the state unemployment offices, where the blue collars wind up, the mood is one of exhaustion as much as anything else. The looks on the faces are tired, confused. The only sound one hears in a room crammed with 500 people is the low murmur of voices and the shuffling of feet across the dusty linoleum floor. Superficially, all the resemblances to the Great Depression are here, but, for the men, the fact that their fathers and grandfathers had it as bad, if not worse, has no meaning. The Depression itself is only dimly remembered, like a misplaced item from sixth-grade American history. The attitude of Bobby Davis, 29, who has been laid off at Ford is typical. "It's gonna be as bad as that depression in 1941 or whenever it was," he says. "This is gonna be the same." So far, men like Bobby Davis blame no one, for the simple reason that, like their bosses, they aren't sure who to blame. If one man is singled out, invariably it's Nixon, the emotional lightning rod for everybody's problems. "I don't know whose fault it is, man, maybe Nixon's," says Ronnie Dysard, a 31-year-old machine operator at an axle plant. "Maybe things will turn up, maybe they won't. I just do what I can do." Some men have reached the end already. Dr. Bruce Danto, director of Detroit's Suicide Prevention Center, reports that calls to the suicide hot line are coming in at a clip of 1,250 per month, nearly 50 percent more than last year. "The suicide rate, especially among young blacks, is going through the roof," says Danto. "They feel impotent. Without a job, they can't feel anything but impotent."

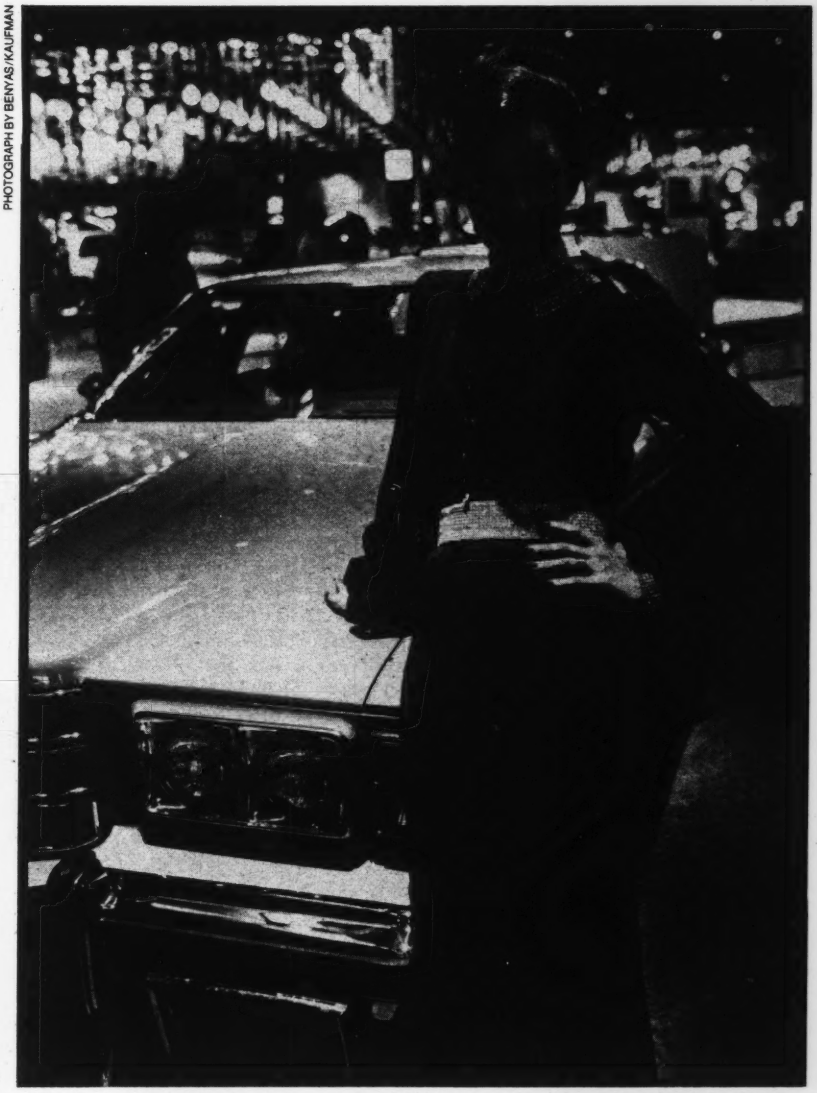
"I keep scratching my head and asking, 'Why,'" GM Chairman Thomas Murphy recently told a reporter. "When I look at all the pluses, I can make a case for a record automobile year"

The worry is what happens when the impotence changes to rage. The crime rate is already up in the city, and the feeling is that the increase is directly related to the rise in joblessness. A criminal court judge has taken to asking the defendants who pass before him if they are out of work; more than 60 percent say they are. The state unemployment office has already seen several incidents. A few weeks ago, a man who had been told he was ineligible for benefits pulled a gun and kept several score people at bay before surrendering to police. At another office, three unemployed black men, evidently angered at being told to return to the center later, waited outside until closing and then beat the white office manager into unconsciousness. The unemployment offices have since asked for state police protection. At Ford, rumors had it that a mini-riot broke out in the style center when the layoff notices arrived and that several expensive clay mock-ups of future models were destroyed in the melee. The company denied the rumors, but later, when one engineer was given his layoff notice, he was accompanied to his office by an armed guard and given 16 minutes to clean out his desk.

Worse trouble has probably been averted because the majority of workers so far laid off are receiving SUB payments. Accounts vary of just when the various SUB funds will be exhausted, but it is generally predicted that both GM and Chrysler funds will have gone bust by June—just in time for the long, hot summer.

The summer has become a sort of symbolic deadline for everyone in Detroit. Most of the executives in the auto industry say that by summer the economy will have turned around and people will be jamming the showrooms as they have every summer. There are others in Detroit who think that what people will be jamming come the summer is the streets. The prospect is haunting for a city that, in 1943, was the scene of the nation's worst race riot, and, in 1967, its bloodiest urban uprising. A senior state official, who has consistently been one of the most optimistic opinion leaders in public, confesses privately that he is "scared down to my toes. You have to realize these workers are different," he says. "All they have known is affluence. It's not like back in the '20s and '30s, when people believed in cyclical economics and thought that things like depression were inevitable. These men don't buy that crap. They aren't going to wait around on breadlines or let themselves be shipped off to CCC camps, and thank their govern-

PHOTOGRAPH BY BENYAS/KAUFMAN



The Detroit auto show went on—attended by unemployed workers let in for free.

ment for being so generous. Not this time." He is not exaggerating. Detroit has had an affinity for extreme solutions, left and right. This is, after all, the hometown of both Fr. Coughlin and Malcolm X. Given that heritage, and the very harshness of the place, the ingredients for "social explosion," as Young puts it, are self-evident. "There is the potential here for real violence," says Simmons. "But it won't be the violence people have always looked for in the past: the poor rising up in the slums. You gotta watch out for the middle class now. They are the ones who are suffering." Paul Silver, one of the founders of the UAW, who has seen more than his own share of violence in 40 years of union organizing, shudders at the very question. "What's going to happen?" Silver says, sucking in his breath. "I don't even like to think about what is going to happen."

There is much irony in all of this, especially for the UAW. For years, the union has preached an ersatz mixture of populist politics and socialist economics, all the while doing its best to make its members entrenched bastions of the conservative middle class. UAW locals and union halls are filled with pictures of Martin Luther King and the Kennedys, and brave exhortations from the sainted Walter Reuther about social justice, which few people took seriously, least of all the members. Repeatedly, the UAW's leadership has been attacked as being too liberal, too much out of touch with its membership. And now that all its dire predictions about capitalism seem to be coming true, the union leadership, aside from mounting an obligatory march on Washington the first week in February, is as paralyzed as management about what to do. Ken Morris, the director of the UAW's Region 1B, tells of being accosted by a frustrated young tool and die maker. "He had voted for Nixon in 1972 and all he wanted to know was what he could do. 'If it takes revolution, tell us,' he said to me. 'Just tell me what we have to do.' I didn't know what to tell him."

There is in Detroit today not so much desperation or bitterness as the kind of cockeyed serenity that overcomes victims of great calamities about which they can do nothing, save relax and watch the spectacle of their own disintegration. Walking up Woodward Avenue, Detroit's main drag, you half expect to meet Richard Nixon playing with his yo-yo, or the crew of the *Titanic* singing "Nearer My God to Thee." "If I thought it would do any good to shut down the Cadillac plant, or every Chrysler plant in North America, I'd do it, and to hell with the contracts and the law," says Doug Fraser. "But what the hell good does that do? There are no easy answers. I am not sure whether there are any answers at all."

If there are no answers in Detroit, perhaps it's because no one ever stopped, in the midst of all those 10 and 11 million car years, to seriously consider the questions: such as, where we were headed and why. Justin Ravitz, a self-proclaimed Marxist who was elected to the Detroit bench a couple of years ago, has, of course, his own axe to grind, but he does pose the problem in an interesting way. "Don't believe me," Ravitz says. "Just ask the average Martian what he thinks about a society that tied their entire economy to a machine that put everyone into debt, was designed to fall apart every two years and couldn't do the job it was supposed to do, which was to move people from place to place. The Martian would tell you that was preposterous. No society like that could possibly exist."

The absurdity has always been an important part of Detroit. How else could it have sold so many cars nobody wanted for so long and still stayed sane. Sooner or later, some fatal shred of rationality was bound to infect the world on which Detroit loosed its creatures each year, and when it did, the furies would all come home. And now, in the most savage irony of all, it is a Ford—Gerald Ford—cut out of that same sensible Midwestern stock that captains Detroit, who has brought them home. The state of the economy is but a touch on an accelerator that was nearing the floorboard anyway. The route to the junkheap down which Detroit now careens is a well-trod, familiar one. Years ago, they gave it the name "planned obsolescence."●

The whiteface shuffle

By Nina Totenberg

C. Murphy Archibald calls May 20, 1974, "the day the watermelon hit the fan." That was the day that Villanova University realized Archibald was white, not black, as the university had assumed. Within two weeks, the university had revoked the $2,200 scholarship it had previously promised Archibald.

Archibald's story begins early in 1974 when the 30-year-old Vietnam veteran applied to a number of law schools. The son of an Alabama insurance salesman, Archibald had worked for more than a year earning $55 a week as a Vista volunteer for legal services programs in New Haven, Conn., and New Bedford, Mass. When he graduated from Birmingham Southern College in Alabama seven years ago, he had a less than auspicious "C" average. But since then he had served as an officer in the infantry for 2½ years, gone to graduate school in England, worked for a law firm, then for Vista, and scored 650 on his law boards.

Archibald's applications to law school yielded him three acceptances, but only Villanova offered scholarship money—and a full tuition scholarship at that. Archibald was elated, and a week after accepting the Villanova offer he drove to the school's Pennsylvania campus to pay the $75 entrance fee and look into the work-study program that the university operates for student lawyers.

Arriving on May 20, he went directly to the office of Dean of Admissions J. Edward Collins and asked to speak to Collins. As Archibald recounts the story, the office secretary could not find his file, so he helped her search the racks along the wall. He came upon a section marked "minority applicants, accepted" and there, right on top, was his file, with a big "B" marked on the cover. The secretary, looking "a little concerned," says Archibald, took the file in to Collins, and then ushered Archibald into the dean's office.

Archibald made notes of his conversation with Collins immediately after leaving the office. Here is what he says happened:

"Collins looked down at my file and said, 'Now, you're not Charles M. Archibald, are you?' or words to that effect. I said yes. And then he began to meticulously go through the file for about five minutes. Finally, I asked if something was wrong. He said, 'We were operating under the assumption that you were a minority applicant.' And then he said, 'There is nothing in your application to indicate the mistake was anything but ours.' I asked him what bearing this would have. He said that certainly my acceptance was unaffected, but he didn't know about the scholarship, and he would have to talk to the dean [of the law school] about it. . . . When I left the office, I said I hoped this wouldn't cause him any trouble. He said, 'Don't worry about it. It's not your problem. Take advantage of your good fortune.' "

When an Alabama law student showed up at Villanova University to collect his scholarship, the administration was dismayed to find the young man wasn't black

Archibald adds, with a smile, that during his conversation with Collins, the dean of admissions took out a pen and tried to cross out the "B" on the cover of the file. But the pen wouldn't work.

At about 3:30 the same afternoon Archibald met with Christine White Wiesner, assistant dean of the law school. He explained to her that the financial aid offered by Villanova had been a key factor in his decision to study there instead of the two other schools that had accepted him.

Then he drove back to New Bedford and wrote a letter to J. Willard O'Brien, dean of the law school. The letter said: "I understand . . . that through an administrative mistake I was considered as a minority applicant during the Villanova admission procedure." Archibald repeated Dean Collins' assurance that his admittance would not be affected by the mistake and again noted that he had been accepted at other schools. "In my reliance upon Villanova's offer, time limits for response expired elsewhere and thus I forfeited all opportunity to attend law school elsewhere," wrote Archibald. He concluded, "Please send your assurance that there will be no change in the conditions of acceptance as stated" in the original offer of admission plus scholarship.

On May 24 Dean O'Brien responded in what Archibald calls "the son-of-a bitch letter." O'Brien's letter began: "I apologize for any inconvenience which our administrative error in admitting you may have caused, but I do not feel bound by that mistake. . . ." The dean also asked Archibald for a list of the schools at which he had been accepted.

The letter concluded, "Please be assured that I will make my decision as promptly as possible upon receipt of that information." Nowhere in the letter did O'Brien assure Archibald that his admittance was not in jeopardy. And when Archibald received the letter on May 28, he was unclear as to whether O'Brien was

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES SCHIELDS

charles shields

undecided about the scholarship, or both the scholarship and admittance. Archibald immediately called O'Brien for a clarification, and Assistant Dean Wiesner returned the call. What Ms. Wiesner did not know, says Archibald, is that an attorney was listening on an extension so that Archibald's version of the conversation could be verified if ever questioned in court. Wiesner said she was calling for O'Brien, who was in a meeting. She said she could not clarify the dean's letter but would find out about it. Here is Archibald's account of the rest of the conversation:

"I asked her if they had examined my GAPSFA [graduate and professional school financial aid] statement when they made the decision to give me the scholarship. She said they had. And I said, 'You determined that I was needy and gave me the scholarship?' She said, 'We gave you the scholarship because we thought you were black.' "

Wiesner, in a telephone interview with *New Times*, said, "I doubt very much if I used those words. . . . I don't speak that way." Asked if she denied the meaning behind the words, she replied, "I don't think I can answer that. . . . You'll have to talk to Dean O'Brien."

Archibald also says that in the same conversation with Wiesner he asked if his scholarship came from a special fund earmarked for minority students. She said no, that it had come from a general fund. Archibald concluded his end of the phone conversation with the observation that "in theory, at least, there is that $2,200 that was earmarked for me and that could still go to me."

The following morning Archibald reached Dean O'Brien at his office and again asked for a clarification of his letter. Archibald once more repeated Collins' assurance that his admittance was not in question. Archibald says there followed a "dead silence."

"O'Brien kept asking me where I had been accepted, and I kept saying it wasn't material," recalls Archibald. "O'Brien kept saying, 'You made representations to me in your letter, and I want to verify them.' " Finally, Archibald agreed to send him the names of the schools at which he had been accepted.

On June 4 Dean O'Brien terminated the scholarship.

Asked by *New Times* for an explanation of his decision, Dean O'Brien claimed that any discussion of a student would be a violation of the confidentiality of the student's files. Archibald then gave O'Brien a written statement waiving his right to confidentiality, but Dean O'Brien did not budge. In a second telephone interview he still refused to discuss the case for reasons of confidentiality. "It is our general policy to protect our students and not to disclose information in their files," he said, adding that "the circumstances of this case" do not warrant a "deviation from this policy."

Father Edward McCarthy, president of Villanova University, when asked about the case, said, "Is this the boy who was mistakenly thought to be a minority student?" Then he said, "The way the dean explained it to me, this boy is not being deprived of anything he had a right to."

But the legal and moral issues presented by the Archibald case cannot be so easily rebuffed. Murph Archibald's case does not involve a test of affirmative action programs. "If I thought this would threaten affirmative action programs, I wouldn't make any fuss, because, God knows, I'm for them," says Archibald. "I went to a segregated high school in a county with the third highest number of blacks in the state of Alabama, and the blacks got virtually nothing. I have a very vivid memory of all those run-down black schools."

Archibald says emphatically that he disagrees with the position taken by Marco DeFunis last year in the Supreme Court case of DeFunis vs. Odegard. In that case DeFunis claimed that he was denied his 14th Amendment right to equal protection of the law because 36 minority students with lower grades and law boards than his had been admitted to the University of Washington Law School whereas he was denied admission. The High Court refused to rule on the case, declaring it moot because DeFunis had been admitted to the school by court order pending the outcome of the case and was then about to graduate. DeFunis claimed he was the victim of reverse discrimination. Archibald makes no such claims. He says only that he was promised something and that something was taken away from him because of his race.

Having failed at the "gentleman's way" of solving his dilemma, Archibald is now considering suing Villanova. The ACLU so far has refused to take the case. But the B'Nai B'Rith Anti-Defamation League seems more friendly. And there are several points on which Archibald seems to have a good legal case.

His weakest argument is based on the Constitution. Since Villanova is a private institution, it does not fall under the constitutional strictures against state discriminatory action. However, it can be argued that since Villanova is the recipient of some federal funds, it must either toe the mark on non-discriminatory action or forfeit these funds.

Archibald does have a powerful case based on Pennsylvania statutes. Pennsylvania law forbids racial discrimination in higher education. It specifically forbids any school to "offer or impose any different or special terms and conditions with respect to scholarships, grants and loans given by the school itself." Moreover, the law specifies that "a religious or denominational educational institution shall not be exempt from the provisions of the Pennsylvania Human Relations Act and the Pennsylvania Fair Educational Opportunities Act."

Lastly, there's the legal question of Villanova's possible violation of a contract when it revoked Archibald's scholarship. Charles A. Knapp, a contracts professor at Harvard Law School, says, "It is plausible, and clearly likely, that some kind of contractual relationship had come into being before the scholarship was revoked." Knapp adds that "a court might or might not sanction the university's right to change the contract."

A sampling of other law school deans found them unanimously appalled at the Archibald case, although most were reticent to speak for the record. Yale Law School Dean Abraham Goldstein, while not commenting on the merits of the Archibald case, did say that at Yale "our practice is to aid students who have financial need, regardless of color." The dean of another prestigious law school said, "This is a matter of a sense of fairness and decency. It's hard to understand this. . . . Need should be the test, not race. A needs test tends to favor blacks anyway."

But mistakes like the one at Villanova are not really uncommon. What is uncommon, apparently, is the Villanova solution to the error. A similar situation arose recently at Georgetown Law School in Washington, D.C., for example. The student was allowed to keep the scholarship. Adrian Fisher, dean of Georgetown Law School, said simply, "We don't renege on our deals at Georgetown. . . . It would be unfair to make the student pay for our mistake."

Perhaps it is unfair. Certainly, C. Murphy Archibald thinks he is paying for Villanova's mistake. He is enrolled at the law school and is currently negotiating a loan with his hometown bank in Alabama.

Naturally, he is not exactly beloved by Villanova's administrators, but he is working hard. He has to. Dean of Admissions Collins is his contracts professor, and Dean O'Brien is his torts professor. ●

Nina Totenberg's last piece for NEW TIMES *was on discrimination at the Supreme Court.*

New Times second annual Future Events Contest

So you were all wrong about last year. So what. Everyone else was, too. And anyway, we're giving you another chance.

The winner will receive: A Bowmar MX90 calculator, $500 worth of stereo record albums and a Sony Superscope stereo system.

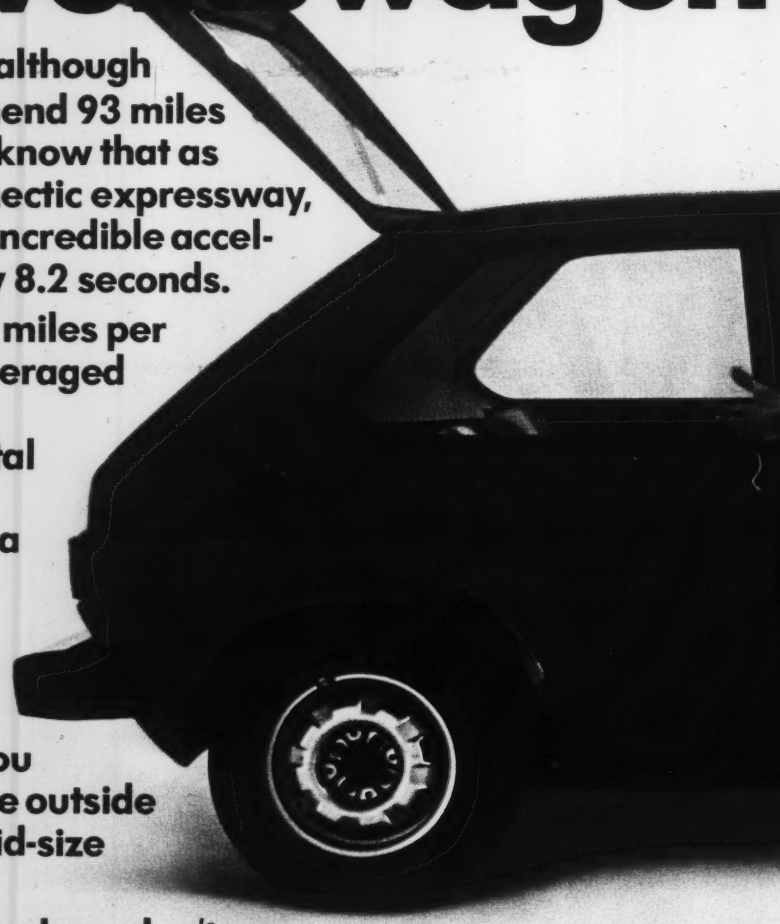
All entries must be postmarked no later than March 1, 1975, and should be addressed to: Future Events, New Times, One Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

So let us know the kind of year you think we're up against. Remember, your guess is as good as anyone's, and probably better than most government officials'.

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

Note
To unfold, turn the page and pull the poster down through the staples.

The new 93 $2,999* Volkswagen



A Rabbit is very fast. And although we obviously don't recommend 93 miles per hour, it is reassuring to know that as you're about to get onto a hectic expressway, a Rabbit has the power for incredible acceleration. From 0 to 50 in only 8.2 seconds.

A Rabbit is very thrifty. 38 miles per gallon is what the Rabbit averaged on the highway in the 1975 model Federal Environmental Protection Agency fuel economy tests. It averaged a nifty 24 in the city.

A Rabbit is very roomy. We mounted the engine sideways to give you more passenger room. So what you have is a sub-compact on the outside with all the room of some mid-size cars on the inside.

A Rabbit is a Hatchback. And you don't pay a penny more for that extra door.

In car talk, the Rabbit has front-wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering and VW's dual diagonal braking system.

In people talk, the Rabbit, 5 years in the making, is backed by the most complete and advanced car coverage plan in the business: The Volkswagen Owner's Security Blanket with Computer Analysis.†

And all that is all yours for only $2,999.

Happy days are here again.

VW rabbit

*Suggested retail price Rabbit 2-door Hatchback, P.O.E., local taxes and other dealer delivery charges additional. †See your

3 mph, 38 mpg, n Rabbit.

EPA's highway test average.

dealer for more details. ©Volkswagen of America, Inc.

The Sp

Which of the following will declare their candidacies for president during 1975? (Circle the numbers of those that will.)

1. George Wallace
2. Henry Jackson
3. Birch Bayh
4. Ronald Reagan
5. Nelson Rockefeller

Which of the following will rule themselves out of the presidential race? (Circle the appropriate numbers.)

6. Gerald Ford
7. Hubert Humphrey
8. Morris Udall
9. Edmund Muskie
10. Jimmy Carter

Which of the following will be in jail on December 31, 1975? (Circle the appropriate numbers.)

11. G. Gordon Liddy
12. H.R. Haldeman
13. Haile Selassie
14. Hugh Hefner
15. John Connally
16. Ruben (Hurricane) Carter
17. Skitch Henderson
18. John Mitchell
19. Rudolf Hess
20. Abbie Hoffman

Circle the numbers of those events you think will occur in 1975.

21. There will be another full-scale war in the Middle East.
22. Congress will pass a system of national health insurance.
23. The Russians will land a man on the moon.
24. The Equal Rights Amendment will become law.
25. Either Saigon or Phnom Penh will fall to insurgent troops.
26. A member of the U S. Senate will be indicted.
27. The United States will recognize Cuba.
28. Patty Hearst will surface.
29. Richard Nixon will speak publicly.
30. Either Argentina or Brazil will explode a nuclear device.
31. There will be a system of gasoline rationing instituted nationally.
32. There will be a strike involving the coal, steel or railroad industry.

Circle the appropriate letter for each of the following.

33. The price of an ounce of gold on the London Exchange on December 31, 1974, was $186.50. On December 31, 1975, it will be closest to:

a. $200.00
b. $185.00
c. $170.00
d. $155.00
e. $140.00

34. On December 31, 1975, unemployment will stand closest to:

a. 6%
b. 7%
c. 8%
d. 9%
e. 10%

35. On December 31, 1975, the Dow Jones Average will stand closest to:

a. 700
b. 625
c. 575
d. 525
e. 475

36. What film will win the Best Picture Oscar in 1975?

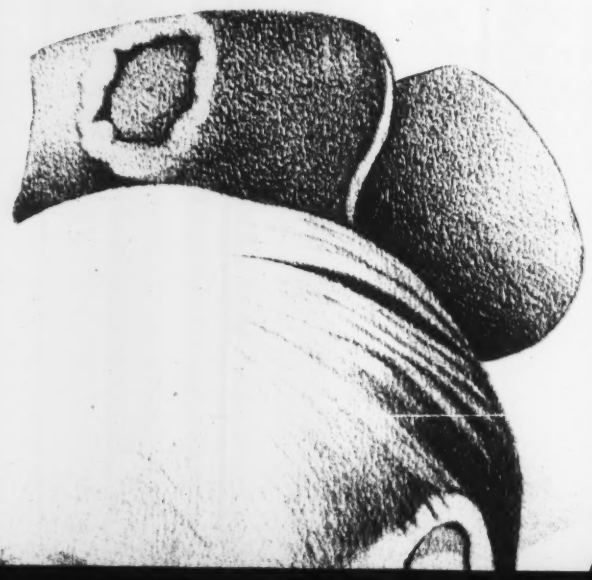
a. *Godfather II*
b. *Chinatown*
c. *The Towering Inferno*
d. *Claudine*
e. None of the above

37. The Grammy Award winner for Best Female Vocalist will be:

a. Joni Mitchell
b. Helen Reddy
c. Carole King
d. Olivia Newton John
e. None of the above

38. Which of the following TV series will be highest rated the last week of 1975?

a. *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*
b. *Rhoda*
c. *The Smothers Brothers Show*
d. *Maude*
e. *All in the Family*



39. Who will have the best-selling LP in the United States in 1975?

a. Elton John
b. Bette Midler
c. Richard M. Nixon
d. Bob Dylan
e. None of the above

40. According to *Cashbox*, which solo performer will have the largest selling single of 1975?

a. Barry White
b. Elton John
c. Paul McCartney
d. Helen Reddy
e. None of the above

Which of the following will appear in nationally broadcast TV commercials in 1975? (Circle the appropriate numbers.)

41. Bill Walton
42. Barbra Streisand
43. Elliot Richardson
44. Truman Capote
45. Jerry Rubin

Which of the following will publish books that make the New York *Times* best seller list in 1975? (Circle the appropriate numbers.)

46. Tom Wolfe
47. Norman Mailer
48. Irving Wallace
49. Jimmy Breslin
50. Philip Roth

Which of the following will marry in 1975? (Circle the appropriate numbers.)

51. Chris Evert
52. John Lennon
53. Elizabeth Taylor
54. Joe Namath
55. Jack Nicholson

Fill in the blanks

56. The heavyweight champion on December 31, 1975, will be _____.

57. _____ (baseball team) will win the 1975 World Series.

58. _____ (college football team) will end the 1975 season ranked number one in the AP poll.

59. _____ (basketball team) will win the National Basketball Association championship in 1975.

60. _____ (hockey team) will win the Stanley Cup in 1975.

Which of the following teams will break up in 1975? (Circle the appropriate numbers for questions 61 through 100.)

61. Johnny Carson and Ed McMahon
62. The Carpenters
63. The Rolling Stones
64. Howard K. Smith and Harry Reasoner
65. Rowan and Martin

Which of the following will divorce in 1975?

66. Billy Jean King
67. Pierre Elliott Trudeau
68. Wilbur Mills
69. James Taylor
70. Mick Jagger

Which of the following TV shows will leave the air in 1975?

71. *Gunsmoke*
72. *A.M. America*
73. *The Money Maze*
74. *The Bob Newhart Show*
75. *The Tomorrow Show*

Which of the following publications will fold in 1975?

76. *Harper's Weekly*
77. *Genesis*
78. *The Washington Star-News*
79. *New Times*
80. *People*

Which of the following sports figures will retire in 1975?

81. Hank Aaron
82. Woody Hayes
83. Bill Bradley
84. George Blanda
85. Gordy Howe

Which of the following will be out of business on December 31, 1975?

86. Arthur Treacher's Fish and Chips
87. The World Football League
88. Robert Abplanalp's Precision Valve Corp.
89. Hampshire College (in Massachusetts)
90. Pan Am

Which world leaders will no longer be in office on December 31, 1975?

91. Gerald Ford
92. Idi Amin
93. Nguyen Van Thieu
94. Isabel Peron
95. Harold Wilson
96. Itzhak Rabin
97. Pierre Elliott Trudeau
98. Leonid Brezhnev
99. Anwar Sadat
100. Indira Gandhi

indicted.
27. The United States will recognize Cuba.
28. Patty Hearst will surface.
29. Richard Nixon will speak publicly.
30. Either Argentina or Brazil will explode a nuclear device.

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON. HAND LETTERING (ABOVE) BY STEVE PHILLIPS

96. Itzhak Rabin
97. Pierre Elliott Trudeau
98. Leonid Brezhnev
99. Anwar Sadat
100. Indira Gandhi

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Circle the appropriate numbers and letters and fill in the blanks. Completed answer sheets should be sent to:

Future Events
NEW TIMES
One Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

All letters bearing answer sheets must be postmarked before March 1, 1975. Entries will be judged by the editors of NEW TIMES and the winner will be announced early in 1976.

1.	26.	51.	76.
2.	27.	52.	77.
3.	28.	53.	78.
4.	29.	54.	79.
5.	30.	55.	80.
6.	31.	56. _____	81.
7.	32.	57. _____	82.
8.	33. a. b. c. d. e.	58. _____	83.
9.	34. a. b. c. d. e.	59. _____	84.
10.	35. a. b. c. d. e.	60. _____	85.
11.	36. a. b. c. d. e.	61.	86.
12.	37. a. b. c. d. e.	62.	87.
13.	38. a. b. c. d. e.	63.	88.
14.	39. a. b. c. d. e.	64.	89.
15.	40. a. b. c. d. e.	65.	90.
16.	41.	66.	91.
17.	42.	67.	92.
18.	43.	68.	93.
19.	44.	69.	94.
20.	45.	70.	95.
21.	46.	71.	96.
22.	47.	72.	97.
23.	48.	73.	98.
24.	49.	74.	99.
25.	50.	75.	100.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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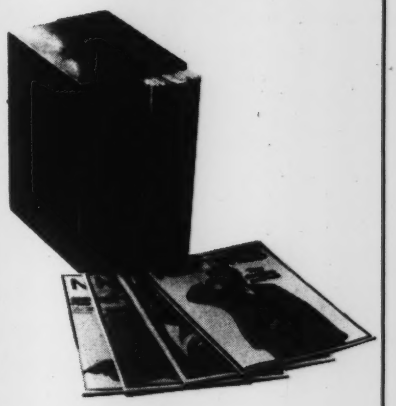

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The hits just keep on coming

Based on a sophisticated measurement of the body's response to music, a modish ex-teacher named Tom Turicchi has made a fortune predicting smash records with 92 percent accuracy

By Michael Gross

Richardson is a suburb of boomtown, one of the many small towns outside Dallas that in the decades since World War II have filled with the shell-shocked, white-collar survivors of post-industrial America. The town has no sidewalks. Instead it has wide roads, apartment complexes with names like Spanish Trails, Lazy Gardens and New Orleans Acres, and a vast array of fast-food palaces, stretching for miles in every direction. Near each of the office parks that pop up at regular intervals along the highways sit Steak and Egg Kitchens, Alfie's Fish and Chips, Hannah's Pies, Steak and Ales, El Chico Mex Palaces, Waffle Houses, Jack in the Box, Long John Silver's Seafood, Taco Bells, Pizza Inns, Dennys, Sambos, Tijuana Tacos, Bonanzas, omnipresent MacDonald's, Minute Man Burgers, Jim Dandys, Chicken Huts and Kentucky Frieds. . . .

Each has its quota of parking spaces, filled at most hours with families and teens and singles, stuffing down their fave foods, careful not to litter, bopping to the sound of car radios and outdoor speakers.

KFIL-DAL-LAS RRREEE-CYCLES THE BEATLES!!!

Across the parking lots, Tom Turicchi, one of the pilgrims, walks toward his lab in the Spring Valley Office Park from his office in the Keystone Office Park. He's alone. No one else walks in General Motors dreamland. Only the sound of KFIL intrudes.

THIS IS NUMBER ONE IN KAY-FILL COUNTRY . . . PAUL ANKA! The lyrics ("You're a woman I love/And I love what it's doin' to you") follow Turicchi into a small building marked "Psychographic Research." He walks through an inner door and up to a lit console, comprised of three tape decks and a large machine with needles and graph paper, much like a lie detector. The working tape deck is playing a new Paul Anka single, Anka's follow-up to "You're Having My Baby." Through a one-way mirror, Turicchi gazes at six people seated at the table. All of them are holding small boxes in their hands, with buttons marked 1, 2, 3 and BOO, and have electrodes attached to their index fingers and pinkies. As the song pounds out of the speakers in the room, the graph paper in front of Turicchi spews forth, etched with peaks and valleys.

Turicchi smiles, as well he might. The graph line happens to tell him a very valuable secret: why "You're Having My Baby"—or any other song—rises to the top of the charts. It is a secret that record company presidents, radio programming directors and publicists across the country are willing to pay for, and every Monday they anxiously wait for Turicchi to share it in his weekly report from Dallas. For this modishly long-haired ex-teacher from Providence, Rhode Island, has found a way to quantify culture—or at least pop culture. Tom Turicchi, academic, researcher, man of science, divorced father of four beautiful kids and owner of a Grand Prix, is onto a good thing.

Pointing to the six subjects through the one-way mirror, Turicchi says, "We divide them up by age and sex. There are four groups: teens, 18- to 24-year-old males and females and oldsters." The electrodes, he continues to explain, transmit the subject's physiological responses to the souped-up lie detector next door. And the boxes allow the subjects to make conscious decisions about the songs they will hear in the next hour.

While the six subjects stare at a blown-up B.C. cartoon lampooning American Bandstand's song ratings ("I'll give it an 85—it's got a good beat and you can dance to it"), songs are played over two small speakers and the subjects' internal bodily responses are measured, averaged and reduced to a single graph line on a piece of paper.

If the songs affect them, either positively or negatively, hills and peaks cover the graph. If they're simply bored, the line heads inexorably downward. After each song, the subjects vote on the music, pressing a button that tells what they think—from a high of 1 to "boo," the hate button. But the graph line often belies the button tests. Even if they look bored through the one-way mirror separating the two rooms, the line, based on the body's self-produced electricity (Galvanic Skin Re-

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE PHILLIPS

sponse), and a sophisticated measurement of blood pressure and pulse, gives the meaty data: what they really feel.

Both the equipment and the tests have made Tom Turicchi the wunderkind of the music business, the man who can give a song a rating from 1 to 50 and pick hits with 92 percent accuracy, all under the aegis of science.

The assistant, Paul Gentry, a collegiate-looking ex-construction contractor who got into the psychograph biz when he married Turicchi's sister, turns from the controls and says with a smile, "Tom developed a Coca-Cola formula and he sells it." And like America's favorite soft drink, the results of Turicchi's invention are as close as the nearest radio, as easy to remember as

NUMERO UNO ON KFIL DALLAS–PAUL ANKA WITH "YOU'RE HAVING MY BABY," BABEE. . . .

Subjects for the tests are found in schools, colleges and shopping centers. The average person is what Turicchi wants, and average is universal in the Big D. They aren't told what the tests are, or that they'll be paid. Only after screening, when they've fit neatly into Turicchi's middle-class heavy test sample, do they find out what he does. Average is average, whether it's in Dallas or Duluth, and, according to Gentry, "A stiff in New York is a stiff in Dallas. A hit is a hit."

"The kids enjoy coming in," Gentry says. "It's the best thing since masturbation. The teens and the 25-plus group like the same music, which is why Anka can have a number one song. The record companies feel that the teens and the 18-to 24-year-old girls are the critical buying public." Gentry stops talking to monitor the tests. Over the course of the next 48 hours, the simple procedure will be repeated eight times as each demographic group is tested twice. It's a boring process, and as Gentry and Turicchi explain it, they also joke about their subjects.

One girl in the next room looks like a cheerleader sporting hot pink toenails. "She's a hot one with nice jugs," Gentry says, as he sets up the graph by testing each subject for bodily resistance to electrical shock, a necessary preliminary to every test. The average resistance figure for a teenager is 70,000 ohms. Older folks have less resistance. Miss Hot Pink alone rates 100,000 ohms. Gentry changes the graph settings accordingly, so her "hotness" won't affect the all-important average. The rest of the girls in her 18 to 24 group are average.

Michael Gross, a free lance, has just published a biography of Led Zeppelin's lead singer, Robert Plant.

When the first song, "Rock Me Tender" by Andy Kim, begins the graph line starts a slow upward climb. "It's the belly button response," Gentry laughs. "Their heads may say they hate it, but their belly buttons tell the tale." As the song continues, the line does a long, slow dive. Gentry shakes his head, almost sadly. "Andy Kim," he muses, "has seen his day."

Then comes a song called "Lola," made famous a few years ago by England's Kinks, and the responses look good. But when the line that contains the meaning of the song blurts through the speakers—"boys will be girls and girls will be boys"—the young women get restless and the graph takes a quick downward plunge. According to Gentry, sex, death and money get people off, especially when a lyric promises the first and last, or denies

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEANNE BLACK

Turicchi: monitoring the machine that's made him the wunderkind of music.

the middle. But these girls obviously don't want to hear about any sexuals except the hetero sort.

Besides "Lola," the tests on the girls are uneventful. They like Anka's hit, a Gordon Lightfoot song and Tony Orlando's follow-up to "Tie a Yellow Ribbon," which by late October was nearing the top of the charts. Paul Anka's follow-up, being tested that week for United Artists Records, is, according to Turicchi's ratings, a "turkey."

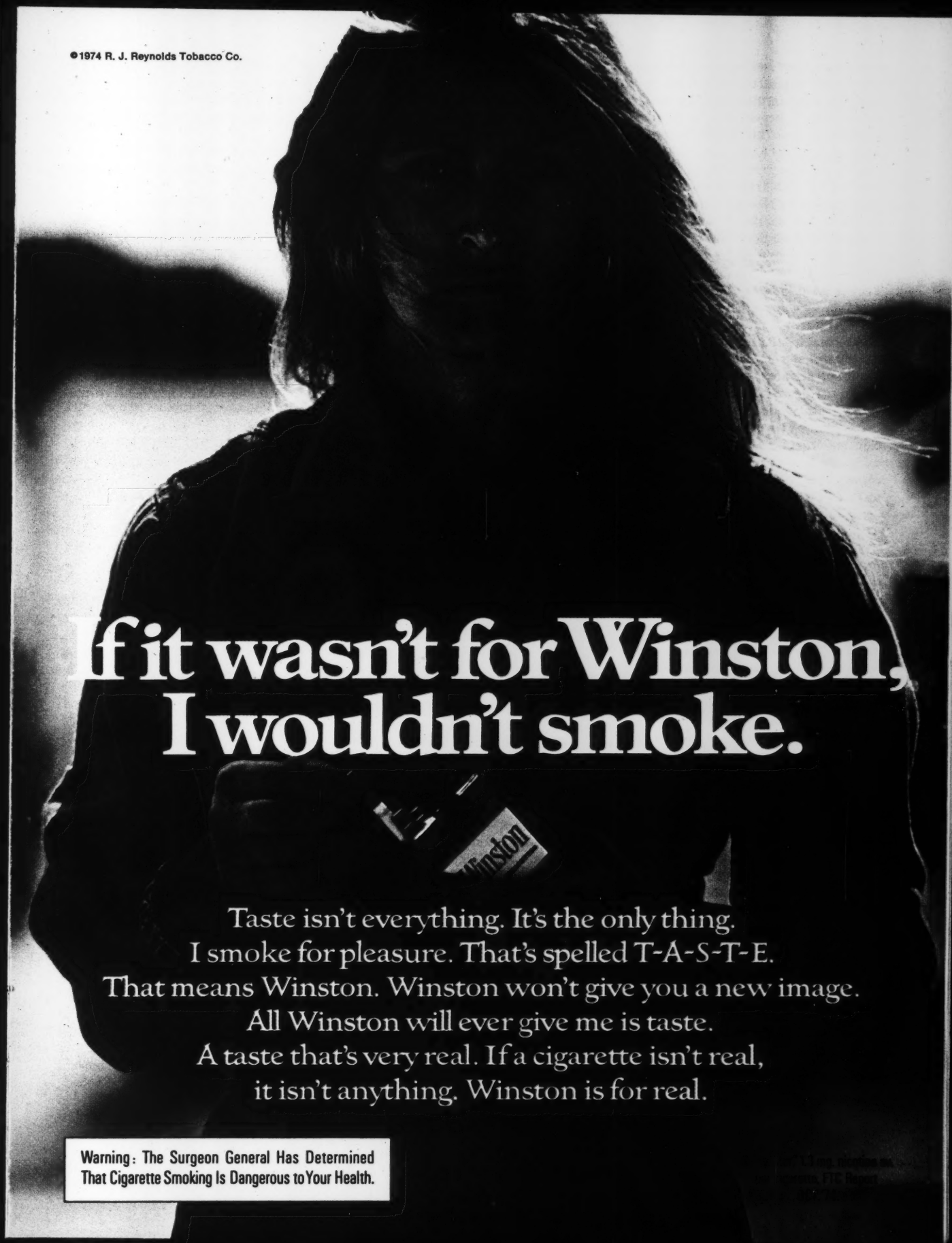
When the young women leave, six "oldsters" file in who look more tranquilized than tranquil. Their resistance ratings are low—no 100,000 ohmers in this group. As they listen to the songs, the graph line rises for good, well-produced songs with no lyrical content and falls on the rockers. There's a dental assistant, a housewife, an auto mechanic, a sheet music salesman and Gentry's wife. "They take it slow and serious," he says. "This group is hard to test." But easy to please. Give them Roberta Flack or Anka and they're happy, cruising the highways of Dallas, but let the radio blare one KFIL BLOWS YOUR MIND WITH THE HEAVY SOUND OF LED ZEPPELIN AND "WHOLE LOTTA LOVE" and they tune out fast. As Gentry explained later, any song that isn't good in the belly button department is seen, without conscious knowledge, as an invasion of personal space, a threat or simply a blaaah. And the 25-plusers are tough, because their age makes them the most easily invaded.

The next group in is the teens. Little girls 9 to 14 years old come pouring in and sit around the table, flapping their legs and chattering. You could easily picture them at home, surrounded with Donny Osmond posters, checking out the DeFranco family's latest exploits in a teen magazine, listening to the Top 40 on KFIL and being pretty damned annoyed when a song they hate comes on.

"It's just like being home when we come here," one of them says. They get to hear the new songs and they enjoy it, according to their belly buttons. They love Paul Anka, not noticing, as the adults apparently did, that the woman in the song, who carries Anka's child, sings Black. Her short chorus was a downward turn for the oldsters. With the kids, things go straight up. The response to the song, Turicchi explains, is a purely emotional one. The lyrics get to people, and Anka has a hit. The teens, for example, couldn't care less who sings a song as long as they "like" it. They've never heard of Bob Dylan. They aren't sure, but think they've heard the name Ringo Starr. They think Donny Osmond and Bobby Sherman are cute, but will not admit to liking their music. One girl, asked if she thinks Mick Jagger is as cute as her idol, little Donny, answers, "Who?"

The only group left is the 18- to 24-year-old males. All of them look like high school seniors. Half are long-haired, but in Dallas, they tell me later, long hair often hides a crimson neck. One wears an Allman Brothers T-shirt and they talk about Deep Purple and Black Sabbath—British "heavy metal" bands. They could easily be sitting in the Academy of Music on New York's 14th Street. There they would be clutching bottles of cheap red wine, sucking joints in the men's room or wandering aimlessly with a head full of bootleg Quaaludes. In Dallas the boys are cleaner cut, although they admit a liking for the "evil weed." Still, they're a fair approximation of 1975's rock audience.

As expected, they look at the Top 40-oriented, pop-dominated list of songs


©1974 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
If it wasn't for Winston, I wouldn't smoke.
Winston
Taste isn't everything. It's the only thing.
I smoke for pleasure. That's spelled T-A-S-T-E.
That means Winston. Winston won't give you a new image.
All Winston will ever give me is taste.
A taste that's very real. If a cigarette isn't real,
it isn't anything. Winston is for real.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

they are to hear and begin complaining. "Play some Emerson, Lake and Palmer next time," one of them drawls to Gentry before the test begins. But even though they hit their "boo" buttons hard and often, laughing at sappy lyrics and complaining vociferously, the graph tells it plain: they like Paul Anka. They like Andy Kim. They like Olivia Newton John. They like the music they say they hate. Or, at least, their belly buttons do. "They're the toughest group," Turicchi said later. "Very discriminating, but they can get crazy. They're good kids, but the least predictable."

It was that profitable faith in prediction that led Turicchi to the powerful fiefdoms of the music business. From a Mafia-run neighborhood in Rhode Island, he gained degrees in math, musicology and educational psychology during a stint in the infantry. He won contests as a musician and conductor and toured Europe with a symphony orchestra. The strange combination of interests gave him the tools to pursue research into a unique area. As a professor of music theory at Texas Women's University, Turicchi began his intriguing research into the effects of music on behavior.

He found out that music increases basic body rhythms by 25 percent, that it increases strength in controlled grip tests and that during the 1968 riots in Washington, D.C., ghettos, group singing was outlawed by an aware police department: aware of the fact that, according to Turicchi, "people get high by singing together."

Then Turicchi put two and two together. "I decided to try and come up with a Top 25 of classical music so my Intro courses could be based on music that really turned kids on rather than 'good' pieces. If I could turn them on, I had them. The theory was there, but there was no methodology."

Texas Women's did have $13,000 worth of physiograph equipment, and so, for two years, unfunded and unaided, Turicchi began experimenting. "I was using the same method as the lie detector and I had to have a statistical model that meant something." Five years later, he had his model, and it seemed to work. The vultures soon descended, dressed, as it were, in sheep's clothing. A radio programming director from San Francisco, Sebastian Stone, appeared in Dallas and agreed to send Turicchi new records for four months in the summer of 1972. On the initial tests Turicchi was over 90 percent accurate in his predictions. El Exigente smiled.

Stone brought Turicchi to radio tipster Bill Gavin's convention in Frisco that year, and when he left Turicchi was working for five radio stations, including WCFL, a pop radio station in Chicago, which changed its entire format based on Turicchi's tests. WCFL subsequently grew to be the number one with a bullet radio station in Chicago. CFL's program director, Lew Witz, became Turicchi's John the Baptist. Each day, his belief in Turicchi grew as more and more psychograph-approved songs hit the top of the charts. Witz helped form Research Consultants Incorporated to work with record companies. Stone formed Entertainment Research Associates to bring Turicchi to radio programmers across the country. Turicchi remained sole owner of the concept and the secret. RCI and ERA were his marketing arms. In the meantime, he'd gone from full- to part-time teaching and, finally, in May 1974, resigned from the ranks of academe and opened his own lab.

Ever since, the number of believers has grown daily. There are very few record companies in America that have not, at one time or another, sent songs to Turicchi. Dickie Klein, head of promotion for Atlantic Records in New York, is typical of the record executives who use the service but see it as secondary to the "magic" in their companies. "I think it's a good idea," Klein explained one afternoon. "It can confirm your thoughts and those of your creative staff, but it can't do the job for you. I can't put 100 percent belief in it. We have our own magic. It's not a Bible." But then, the Bible never claimed 92 percent accuracy.

During the 1968 riots in Washington, group singing was outlawed by a police department aware of the fact that "people get high by singing together"

In a warm-toned office in New York City, Lew Merenstein, head of Artists and Repertoire at Buddah Records, sat back, lit a little cigar and confided that he doesn't really like that Paul Anka song. Then he explained why he is a customer of Tom Turicchi's.

"I had an initial curiosity about it. I wanted to see how the scores related to the eventual success of records. I thought it was an additional aspect—a person's spontaneous stimulation. No service can be 100 percent. Human energy and belief overcome a lot of things when you're trying to reach a person's emotions. There's a magic to breaking a record. I definitely believe in Turicchi, but no machine can tell you what to do."

So, for the record companies, "magic" is as important as science. But, explaining the value of *his* technique, Turicchi stresses its unique importance. Other services, like television's Nielsen ratings, use attitudinal research. "It's an invalid way of testing," Turicchi points out, "unless you use huge samples, and even then people say what they think you want to hear." In other words, if you ask, people will say they watch the news and not *Lucy Show* reruns, but if you test them, psychographically speaking, the line would go up for Lucy and down for Cronkite. That's the difference between attitudes and behavior.

"The record business," Turicchi says, "is based on flying by the seat of your pants. Most companies have 80 to 90 percent misses on their singles releases. We can eliminate a large part of that." The record companies see Turicchi as either a magician or a liar, until they run some tests. The statistics convince them quickly. Somehow, though, it all seems a bit too much like the Ministry of Culture in *1984*: finding out what the people want and giving it to them in its lowest common denominator form. Ya wanna hit, kid, here's a hit.

"Maybe this is really 1984," Turicchi counters, "but I feel that as far as where it can go, we're only limited by our imagination." And he doesn't intend to start churning out music to calm the proles. "I have a tool," he emphasizes, "that helps me know what turns people on physically. There's no way I can change internal body functions. Only yogis can do that. Muzak, for example, can't change you. Aaron Copeland calls Muzak 'the obsequious.' We're super-saturated with shitty music.

"Behavior modification is another thing. If I found a subliminal on a record, I'd sue the company. Any kind of *Clockwork Orange* stuff really frightens me. All we do is give the service of recommending which songs will give the best impression of an artist to the public."

Turicchi chose to stay in Dallas precisely because the public there, the potential test subjects, were "average." In a country where middle-class, upward mobility is the norm, Dallas is Everytown. And in Dallas people became interested in Turicchi for reasons other than his effect on the Top 40. He began testing advertisements, discovering that key words, phrases and sounds made a bodily impression on his subjects. When a fast-food restaurant's

ad promised test subjects a dollar saving. the graph line jumped up like a rocket. When an ad for a head shop was played for the 25-plus group, the line dove like Evel Knievel.

"Advertisers have come to us," Turicchi says. "But advertising is never-never land. The reason I haven't gotten into it is, say some guy gave me a $3,000 commercial. I tell him it's shit. Where can he go? I have synthesized commercials from scratch, though. Then, when you test it, you *know* it will work. But music is different. A Paul Anka song and a Todd Rundgren song are not two products competing with each other."

So, advertising remains a sideline, but it has led Turicchi to another, more complex area: television. "We're building a new lab complex for TV and feel we can add a whole new dimension to broadcast media," he explains. Meanwhile, he's

Sebastian Stone (standing) at a recent exhibition of Turicchi's method in N.Y.

doing TV road tests, working out of the Waldorf-Astoria for CBS News. The possibilities seem endless, and that's what scares a lot of people.

Even though Turicchi seems impressively pure about his ideas for applying his discovery, one feels the need to press him. What would happen, for example, if a politician wants to find out how he could best come across to voters?

"It's simply biofeedback that I offer," Turicchi explains slowly. "I can tell Senator X how he affects people. I can't change those responses. If the guy is a phony, the people will know. They react, perhaps 20 percent to what he says and 80 percent to how he says it. It's neo-psychic. We can, whether we're aware of it or not, spot a phony. Psychological Stress Indicators are sophisticated polygraphs and every person has a built-in one. All we are is a barometer.

"Anything that can be used for great good can be used for great harm. I know what I'll do with this. I'm trying to complete the loop between the artist and the public. I'm not looking for the MacDonald's hamburger of culture. What I'm looking for is music that will communicate at the gut level, and to me that's art."

Artists, however, take a dimmer view of the whole thing.

Robert Fripp was the leader of a now defunct arty British rock band called King Crimson. He is an intelligent, concerned, working musician whose purpose is the same as Turicchi's—to reach people. But when psychographic research was explained to him, he saw an immediate dilemma in it. "It sounds quite evil," he said. "If this work is geared toward realizing the rules of objective, artistic creation, then I would have sympathy with it. But if it's geared to producing hits, it reminds me too much of the psycho-testing done at the end of the last war."

Many musicians are annoyed that their record companies will cut a promotional budget if a song tests out badly. One singer said he found the technique intriguing but ultimately compromising, because Turicchi is surrounded by music business businessmen. He mentioned a "payola angle" as a result of Witz and Stone's participation in the enterprise. Such charges can't be avoided when radio stations, record companies and TV networks are paying large sums of money to test their media material.

Turicchi, however, is too busy to worry. The evening after the last test of the week was held, he headed for a singles bar in Dallas that sported pretty waitresses, giant, wall-sized sports murals and two bands playing all the current Top 40 hits, mixed in, like any good radio station, with great oldies. The crowd varied in age from 18 to 50. Lots of people danced. Lots of people drank. Lots of people cruised.

I was standing at the bar when a band, playing from a raised stage just off the dance floor, broke into a recent R&B hit, "Tell Me Something Good." During the tests, Gentry had told me that the song, in its original version, caused an interesting physiological change in subjects. During its chorus, just after a succession of banal lines like

Tell me something good
Yeah
Tell me that you like me
Awwhh . . .

the song broke into a chorus of moans and heavy breathing. "I like to watch the girls through the window when we test that part," Gentry had smirked. "Their nipples get hard. You can see it through their shirts. It really brings out the animal in them." Though I'd accepted Turicchi's track record so far, I still was unable to believe that human beings would react like robots. All the other responses Turicchi tested were under the skin, but this one, if Gentry was correct, should be right out there for the world to see.

When the song reached its panting chorus, I looked down the bar. Next to me was a woman in her late 30s, wearing a lime green shirt over a brassiere. I couldn't tell a thing, but her eyes were so glazed by the Black Russians she'd been pouring into herself that scientific objectivity insisted I look elsewhere. A few men down from her, a tall, bee-hived woman in her 20s was engaged in conversation with a guy who looked like a Dallas Cowboy. The heavy breathing started, and her nipples popped out, right on schedule. Then I turned and carefully checked out the two youngest girls at the bar. They'd been attracting male attention all night, since they were pretty, well-built, young and braless under their designer T-shirts. Pop, pop, pop, pop, the four symptoms of acute nipple response appeared. Turicchi is obviously doing something right.

All across Dallas, and all across America that night, kids from 8 to 80 were tuning in to the plastic fantastic world of radio, cruisin' the burger stands, laughing at Paul Anka, all the time unaware that deep down, somewhere between their galvanic skin response and their belly buttons, somewhere, only in the best of cases near their heads, they liked the idea that a girl out there was singing, "I'm having your baby . . ." and a boy was singing back, "What a lovely way of saying how much you love me. . . ." AND THAT WAS NUMBER ONE, ONE, ONE ON KFIL DAAALLAS WHERE THE HITS JUST KEEP ON COMING. . . . ●

LOCAL COLOR

HENDERSONVILLE, N.C.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM WAGES

Mother Earth, mon amour

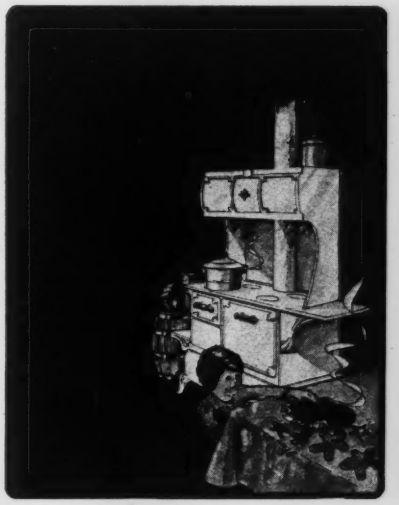
This little old magazine out of North Carolina smells of manure & cordwood. The editor smells like ro$e$

By Gregory Jaynes

There was a high crime rate in the town where Leon Blythe lived until he was 37 years old, and the sidewalks, though well lit with yellowish, high intensity, anti-crime lights, bore few pedestrians in the evenings. Leon and his wife, Gail, and their four children had moved seven miles out to a Detroit suburb called Royal Oak; they and 120,000 other people. Leon's son Jeff could not make the football team at his high school because the competition was so stiff. There were 3,700 students in the school. Leon was working 67 hours a week as a machine shop supervisor when he bought a 28-foot sailboat, only to find that the water near him was thick and oily. Back home in Royal Oak, he marked time in a rear corner of his 40-foot wide, 180-foot-deep lot, eating Rolaids and drinking Maalox. His stomach pain was constant.

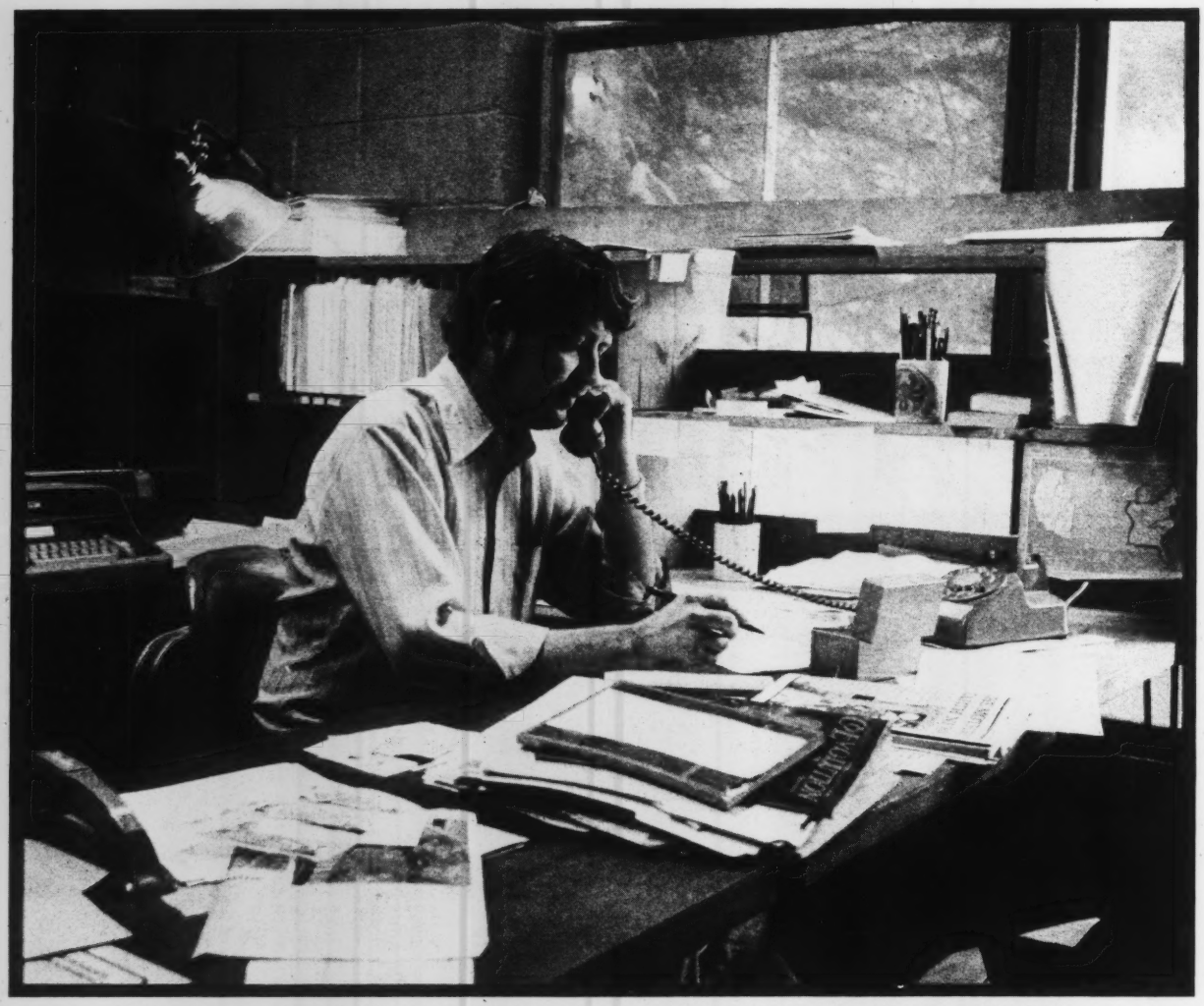
Leon's father had left the Carolinas in 1921, becoming yet another passenger on the migration shuttle north. Ultimately, he hooked on as an immigration officer in Detroit and stayed with the job until he was 65. Then he and Leon's mother bought a lot in Florida and drove south toward retirement. Leon's father died en route from a heart attack. He was 65½.

Leon turned to feeding his mania for a simpler life by reading publications like the *Mother Earth News*—"Mother tells you how to do for yourself, consume less, live a richer life and love it more!" An advertisement in the "Contact" section of one issue particularly appealed to him. The ad sought someone to share a 36-acre farm in the mountains outside Lenoir, North Carolina. The ad closed with: "Though we're always open to social experimentation, we desire privacy and a traditional family structure. Bob and Ina."



Bog and Ina Holland and their child "set a spell" on their tin-roofed back porch.

Bob Holland, son of a $50,000-a-year executive with General Electric, had bought the farm in 1970. He had quit his job teaching in the public schools of Charlotte, N.C., and his wife, Ina, had quit her job pushing insurance for Liberty Mutual, and they had moved into a three-room shack on their new $7,000 spread. Largely through the help of the *Mother Earth News*, he had learned about organic gardening, chickens, hogs, goats and simple construction techniques. Too, there had been a story about a business you can operate in your home, simply by renting a



Editor John Shuttleworth toils at the white hot center of his *Mother Earth* works in Hendersonville, N.C.

computer justifier from IBM and setting type for local offset printing companies. Bob and Ina turned the suggestion into a $9,000-a-year business for themselves. Bob, thinking of his dad, was convinced they had made the right decision.

Years ago, the elder Holland was so proud of his job that he would not allow any appliance but GE in his house. He would work 10 hours a day and then come home and spread his papers out on the kitchen table and give the company the extra mile. He did this until he was 50 years old.

Then, suddenly, Mr. Holland was no longer in charge of 2,000 men. He no longer had a secretary to himself, but was told to share one with another executive. At his age, he was given a new assignment that involved extensive travel. Most of his old friends, fellow engineers who joined the company after World War II, had sniffed the wind and quit, or had been fired. He had a new boss, a young man, who was leaning on him. The psychiatrist came first, followed by the tranquilizers. "He used to be so proud of those jet engines," Bob recalls. "He used to look up at a plane and swell up, just knowing he had a piece of that action."

Bob figured moving back to the land to be a sensible step toward avoiding what had happened to his father. But the typesetting business and the demands of the farm were more than he and Ina could handle alone. So they advertised for a partner, and Leon Blythe and his family drove south last year to the region his father had left. Using the *Mother Earth News* as blueprint, the Hollands and the Blythes appear to have reached the edge of near idyllic existence.

The man who is responsible for the union just described has come south, too. Only John Shuttleworth, owner, publisher and editor of the *Mother Earth News*, has found no such peace of mind. He is working 18-hour days in his plant in Hendersonville, N.C. "I'm the guy with the magic words," he says. "So I'm doing a lot of editorial work. I'm using it to the maximum. Basically more than the maximum because I'm hurting my health. I'm almost to the end of going 150 percent capability. . . I'm sacrificing my health. I get to the point where I make myself physically sick. I have diarrhea. I ache all over, just like giving yourself a bad cold."

John Shuttleworth, son of an Indiana full-time tool and die maker, part-time farmer, had worked in dozens of jobs and had managed to see a good bit of the world before he and his wife, Jane, started the *Mother Earth News* in January 1970, in Madison, Ohio. "The big story here is that Jane and I started to publish a newsletter in our spare time, and you see what it turned out to be," he says. "We started out to do something in our spare time and we fell off the edge of the earth. The tremendous demand. All we've done is try to

fill the demand. We've become our own Ford Foundation. The money the magazine generates we put into our projects: the car [a prototype powered by methane gas], the solar energy experiments . . . ." His business is a time-gobbling monster, he says.

The Shuttleworths had a total cash flow of $370 their first month of operation. Through the fantastic success of the *Whole Earth Catalog*, they had seen the market open up in the alternative lifestyle publishing business. They quit their public relations jobs and borrowed money from parents, in-laws and a local loan office with an interest rate so high it might have been called the Rack and Wheel Loan Co. Exactly four years later, the cash flow for the month was $261,000. There is a graph on the wall of the Hendersonville office that charts the magazine's success, in subscriptions and income. The graph is 12 feet high. The lines take no dips.

Their operation includes the magazine, with a circulation of 200,000; a syndicated radio show, running on about 100 stations; a syndicated newspaper column, running in about 100 newspapers; a mail-order bookstore; a distributing company with 2,500 dealers; a print shop;and their mail-order hardware store, Mother's General Store in Hendersonville.

"I don't want anybody to ever feature us as being great world saviors and all that crap," Shuttleworth says. "We're just trying to save our butts. Trying to get things set up so that when I get to be an old man, I'll be a good old man, which I won't be at the rate I'm going."

Thousands of letters have reached Shuttleworth, all saying that thanks to him personal freedom and happiness has been found. "Great testimonials . . .," he says. "People love what we're doing. That's nice. But we're more self-serving than that. We're just trying to get the numbers on our side so that more than half the population believes in the gentler way of living and the more ecologically sound way of living. There's no great vision involved. We're just little people in way over our heads on a job a lot bigger than we are."

Shuttleworth is obviously a harassed man. He'll give you that "don't feature us as saviors" stuff, and a half-hour later he will say, in a telephone call to the West Coast, "We got to present a united front against the world." At 1:00 o'clock on a recent afternoon, Shuttleworth told me: "This is a nerve-wracking business." At 2:30, he recalled how he had gone to sleep exhausted one recent Friday and had not awakened until Monday morning. "I feel like I'm just about ready for the cackle factory," he said. At 3:00 o'clock: "I can't keep up with it. I'm tired. I've aged 20 years in the last four." He is 36.

At 4:30: "I just do it for the fun. Business is a game to me."

"You going to work tomorrow, Bob?"

"I don't know, Leon. Maybe."

The two partners are sitting in the shade out back of Leon's trailer, sipping Leon's homemade rosé. Leon had done some work that morning on the house he is building. The fieldstone foundation is just about completed.

Leon had collected unemployment checks for a while after he and his family arrived in Lenoir a year ago. A counselor at the unemployment office had found him a job managing a local machine shop, for $15,000 a year plus stock options. He turned it down. "The guy who was trying to hire me got mad as hell. He said, 'Buddy, when I was your age I'da moved across the country for a job like this.' I said, 'Buddy, I just moved across the country to get away from a job like this.' "

The editor says he is not a savior. But then he'll claim, "We've got to present a united front against the world"

Bob and Leon prefer to work eight days a month for the local electric company. They read meters for two dollars and something an hour. It allows them a lot of spare time.

"Listen," Leon tells me, pouring another glass of wine, "an old friend of mine came down from Detroit last fall. He came all the way, and he didn't stay eight hours. I was on unemployment then, and it blew his mind. This was someone I've known since I was 3 years old. He works hard. He's got a shop. It cost him one wife. It tore him up I wasn't working 12 hours a day. He got here about 1:00 in the afternoon and he left at 9:00 that night. Eight hours he stayed."

Leon's wife, who has just collected a dozen eggs from the hen house, joins the group. Bob says, "Those Cornish eggs don't seem as brown as they used to." And Leon answers, "She's running out of juice, Bob. She's gettin' old."

The talk turns to local characters and recent happenings as Bob's wife, Ina, and their 1-year-old daughter, Claire, join the gathering. People tell each other little stories in these hills.

"Now Leonard," Bob says, "that guy's your real Daniel Boone. He'll be polite to you,but he'd prefer that you don't talk to him at all. Every once in a while you'll hear some shots on the back side of the mountain and you know Leonard is out there somewhere shooting. He keeps to himself and he reads those treasure magazines. That's about all anybody knows about him.

"A bunch of folks were up picking blackberries on Table Rock the other day when somebody saw a rattlesnake going in a hole. Everybody scattered and ol' Leonard just grabbed it by the tail and pulled it out. Snake must have been five feet long. Another time, Coy was fishing this big, wide trout stream a few miles from here when he slipped and hit his head on a rock. He was in the water, kind of dazed, when ol' Leonard walked up and pulled him out. Coy says Leonard sat him on a rock and talked to him a couple of minutes and then he wandered on back off in the woods.

"Ina and I have taken to watching what we say around the house. You never know when Leonard might be wandering around outside."

Leon, who by this time is so laid back you couldn't find anybody more mellow, daydreams aloud about finishing the house and buying a couple of dozen Pawleys Island hammocks. "We'd string 'em all over the place, Bob, and just go from one to another."

It is lazy talk stretching on until supper. We are at Leon's picnic table, just a few yards from his trailer, and the 1951 Ford tractor that the two men bought is about 100 feet down the ridge from us, tires hidden by knee-high weeds. The morning has been so quiet, all you could hear was breeze and one woodpecker, but the sun has dried the dew off the backs and wings of the locusts,* and they're beginning to make a racket. "Local folk say the locusts come every seven years," Bob says. "All I know is they're playing hell with my orchard."

Below us, you can see about half of the 36-acre farm. Hills of hardwood, mostly oak, surround the two-acre vegetable garden in the hollow. Corn is five feet high on the top of a far hill, and the grape vines are coming up nicely down the hillside, just below the cornfield. Leon, a cigar-thin man with a thick thatch of grey hair and a full, symmetrically perfect sandy beard, talks of his inexperience with carpentry and the discovery he has made. "You can do anything you want to. And if

* They're cicadas.

Former citybilly Leon Blythe and dog watch pigs on the lazy sort of afternoon that makes a man not give a big "Oink."

it doesn't turn out, all you got to do is tear the sonuvabitch down."

And Bob Holland is laughing and joking and trying not to smoke cigarettes, having kicked the habit until Leon came to North Carolina, bringing a 20-year association with Pall Malls. Bob has a big, open, honest, mustachioed face, slight shoulders and a frame that looks a little too fleshy, just a little too soft, for the rigorous farm chores and for having almost singlehandedly finished a two-story cabin on the top of yet another hill. The appearance fools you. Follow him around, up one slope and down the next, sucking wind at his heels, he breathing comfortably. This neophyte farmer is in shape.

"There's a guy in town," Bob says. "He walks around pulling a chain. He can't wait till somebody asks him, 'Why are you pulling that chain?' 'Cause he always answers, 'Didja ever see anybody try to push one?' " While we're giggling, half high on wine, Bob's daughter Claire knocks over two glasses of rosé. Ina, a high-hipped dishwater blond, scoops up the sopping kid and heads for home to bake bread. We give her a little lead time and move down to the Holland house for supper.

The fresh bread smell spills out the back door, turning us all ravenous, while we pitch in setting Bob's picnic table. The grass is thick and green here between the chicken pen and the house. A new litter of Dalmatian pups gnaw at our shoes and ankles when we sit down to a roast, mashed potatoes, green beans, field peas and carrots. It is dusk and the screech owls have begun striking up their peculiar, shrill, ever-descending whistle.

"I sure wish I was going to Hendersonville with you guys," Leon says. "I'd like to meet Shuttleworth and see that operation. Did you see the latest issue, Bob? There's a good story in there on how to sex a chicken."

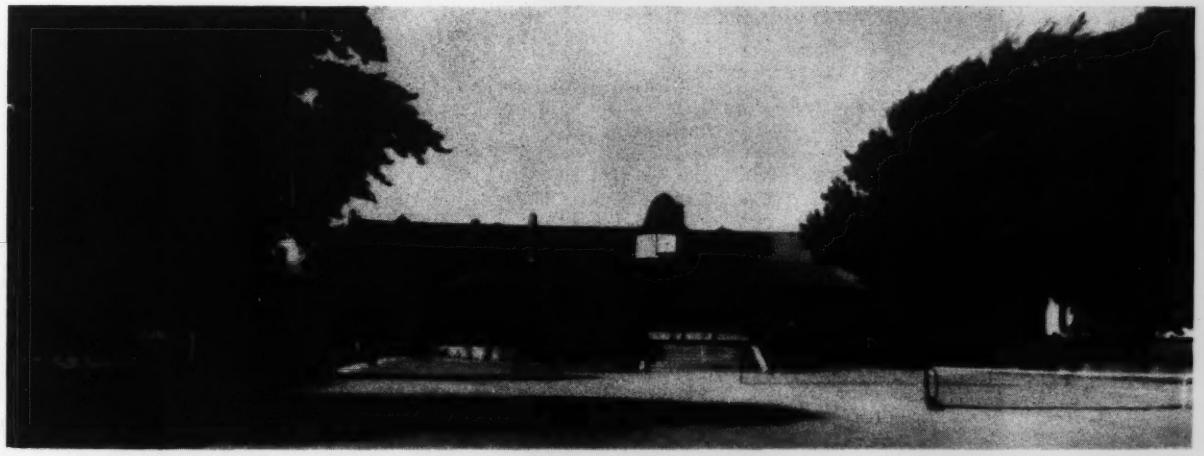
Bob: "No, I haven't read it yet. I noticed they're still on that radio shit, though." He is a little teed off that the *Mother Earth News* has been running stories on ham radios. He argues that the number of homesteaders with expensive radio outfits is minuscule; thus the stories are unnecessary.

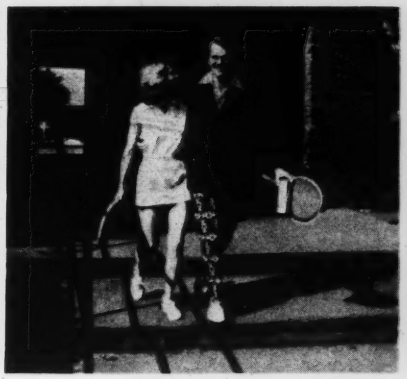
In his house Bob has every issue of the *Mother Earth News*. "It's been good to me," he says. "The main thing we got from them was our typesetting business. And Leon and his family, of course. But there've been stories on keeping chickens, hogs and goats. Building farm buildings. All of it very useful. I think Shuttleworth is probably spreading himself a little thin these days, though, with all the things he's got going. The magazine seems to be suffering for it."

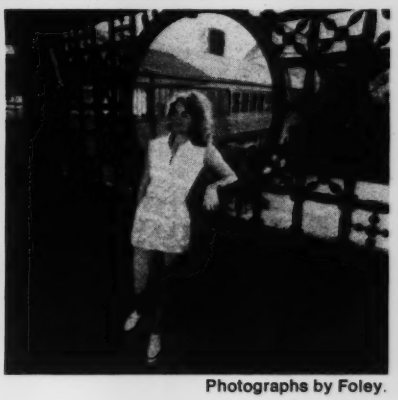
The plant in Hendersonville, a former dress factory still called the Ruth Originals building, is humming along with mid-afternoon efficiency. Sixty employees are typing, filing, packaging, answering calls and filling orders in their various, partitioned areas. The working atmosphere is Detroit machine shop dull.

John Shuttleworth, eyes moist and pink, coloring rat grey, the beginnings of a weedy black beard on his face, is explaining he moved the *Mother Earth News* from Ohio to Hendersonville because his wife is

Name the location of this Hall of Fame– and you'll probably get it wrong.







Tennis clothing courtesy of Frog Tog N.Y.

Photographs by Foley.

It's not Canton, that's football.

It's not Cooperstown, that's baseball.

This is the Tennis Hall of Fame. And it's not as well known as the others.

Which is a pity because the Tennis Hall of Fame honors a magnificent sport and magnificent players.

People like Big Bill Tilden, Vic Seixas, Alice Marble, Margaret Osborne DuPont and others. Past and present.

And it is located in a magnificent place—Newport, Rhode Island, famous for its mansions along Bellevue Avenue, as the home port for the America's Cup races, but not so famous for its Tennis Hall of Fame.

The point is, the Tennis Hall of Fame, located in the historic Newport Casino, built in 1880 by James Gordon Bennett, deserves some recognition. And your support.

Now that tennis has become so popular, growing by leaps and bounds, we want its Hall of Fame to do the same.

So make it a point to visit the Newport Casino. Spend a few hours, for just a small admission charge, with a memorable past and a mountain of memorabilia.

This is what keeps us going and helps keep the Tennis Hall of Fame alive and well. Even if relatively unknown.

And maybe some day when people think of the Hall of Fame they'll think of Newport.

And not Canton, not Cooperstown.

For a colorful brochure write:

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dederunt et concesserunt omnia insignia et iura quae ad hunc gradum spectant. In cuius
rei testimonium litteris Academiae sigillo munitis die X.X.XX Junii anno Salutis
Humanae MDCCCXXXVIIII Collegiique Radcliviani LXX Praeses
auctoritate rite commissa nomen suum subscripsit.

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Collegio Radcliviano discipulam supra dictam ad gradum Baccalaurei in Artibus ad-
mittenti Praeses Sociique Collegii Harvardiani ex lege de Collegio Radcliviano instituendo
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iniunguntur eiusdem gradus candidatis consenserunt.

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Congratulations.
You just spent twelve thousand dollars so she could join the typing pool.

You've got this daughter and she's smart. Why not? She's yours. She's heard you talk about your work all her life. She had the same education as her brother. God knows she's brighter than those boys who come around.

Pity. When she goes job hunting she'll hear two questions over and over. What's your typing speed? Can you take dictation?

And those boys? They'll start at higher salaries, go into executive training, get raises and promotions faster, have more job freedom, and better expectations. They can make nearly twice the money for exactly the same job as your daughter.

It's not fair. But more important, it's just not sensible. When there's never enough talent to go around, why block half of it right at the beginning?

What's your company policy on hiring women? Where do they start? How far can they go? What opposition does a woman face that's not on the company books, but stays firmly in the company tradition?

This is one place you could help move the world a little. For your daughter and all the daughters and all the brains behind all their bright young faces.

After all, it doesn't always have to be "Jones & Son."

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Don't you hate it when it drops in your lap?

Yes, I hate it when it drops in my lap, but I'll subscribe anyway.

☐ Send me 26 issues of NEW TIMES for only $12. Those same 26 issues on the newsstand would cost $19.50—I save $7.50.

☐ Send me 19 issues of NEW TIMES for only $9—I save $5.25 over the newsstand price.

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from North Carolina and for "other practical reasons." He is trying to set up a 600-acre research center, and he says North Carolina is a good area. "Two years ago in December we had 15 hours of direct sunlight on those polluted shores of Lake Erie. Obviously, our solar energy experiments wouldn't go very fast in that kind of situation. We came down where you have less cloud cover."

The tract he is looking for will be one in which he owns all the land in sight. "Our work will be largely compromised if we own one slope and a few years later the other slopes fill up with Howard Johnsons and fast-food restaurants because we're a great tourist attraction. We want a complete mountain cove, so that when you go in there it's like going into another world. Where everything is solar heated, or electricity is made with our own little water plant, or we got wind plants set up on the ridge. So the whole idea is to put together a little world all its own.

"There'll be strong restrictions on what transportation is used. Probably have to walk around or use bicycles, maybe horse-drawn carriages, or electric cars powered with electricity made right there with wind plants . . . . We've already planned for a second center in the Pacific Northwest, a third in Costa Rica and a fourth in New Zealand."

Meanwhile, John and Jane Shuttleworth, a small, skinny lady with a pleasant face and a taciturn personality, live in a Southern mansion in Hendersonville, an eight-bedroom place for which they pay $125 a month. It belongs to "some wealthy people in Georgia," Shuttleworth says. The owners use it one month a year.

Though they own the whole operation, they pay themselves $208 each a week. Shuttleworth says there will be a payoff for them someday.

"We've tried to be decent individuals and not be real bastards to work with," he says. "But I'm too damn trusting. I've had some people I should never have let in the door in the first place. and I've learned the hard way—about a half dozen times now.

"People who love *Mother* and just can't wait to be a part of this thing are the least likely to work here. It's much better to just go out and hire a secretary or a typist who, in general, eventually becomes pretty enthused. . . . But these great idealists who think they can stay grassed out of their minds all day and play the guitar and somehow this groovy magazine gets put together . . . . They think this is some kind of never-never land. So we've had some real bad problems with that kind of people.

"We're through with those, now. We've become very businesslike in that area. We hire people who are only looking for a job. Period. They've never even heard of *Mother* before. That's the kind of people we're looking for."

Those "bad" employees might have gotten the idea that they could enjoy their work with *Mother* after seeing the pictures of the staff that put out the *Whole Earth Catalog*. That staff, working under Stewart Brand in Menlo Park, Calif., looked happy. Shuttleworth's crew, to a man, bear the grim look of assembly line workers in Detroit.

Just this afternoon Shuttleworth upbraided the manager of his General Store for having five employees "sitting on their butts." "I have to be a taskmaster," he told me. "I can't have one place working at one-third speed while the others carry the load."

"I've often said *Mother* has a lot more integrity than I do. . . . It gets to be a royal pain in the butt having to live up to what I have to. . . ."

And Shuttleworth has a few words about Stewart Brand, too:

"He's done some weird things. I hear he's blown his mind with nitrous oxide. He and that whole acid group, the Merry Pranksters and all that. Brand is hitting on about four cylinders these days out of a 16-cylinder engine . . . .

"The whole point is we get direct feedback that Brand is jealous of us at this point . . . . And also we got a lot of letters from people—I get so goddammed tired of that gee whiz attitude at the *Whole Earth Catalog*—I'd send for this stuff and it's no damn good . . . .

"The thing I've always really despised about any social element is this damn backbiting. Where everybody is calling the other guy dumb and saying you don't know what you're doing. We don't do that. I'm just giving you some personal observations here. That we see Brand is jealous of us—we don't care. I think he did an awfully good thing."

Shuttleworth calls his magazine a "serialized survival manual for the future." In that context, he argues against Bob Holland's beef that the ham radio stories are unnecessary. "I have to expand people's horizons a little bit in that I see some awful bad times coming. I mean super bad . . . on a global scale . . . . And I'm working right now to get people's eyes on what can be done, how you can keep some links with the kind of people you want to keep links with. I mean, let's face it, how many times can you tell people how to milk a goat?"

Shuttleworth goes on to talk with disdain of the "freak idealists" who are all talk and no action. "All that rhetoric they use, you know, I don't have time for that crap. I'm trying to pry people free in the way they want to be free. Not the way that I want them to be free. If you want to go raise chickens or you want a little home business in town or you want to set up a day care center or if you want to build your own house, great. I don't give a damn. That's the way nature works. I'm a farm boy. Nature has infinite checks and balances. . . ."

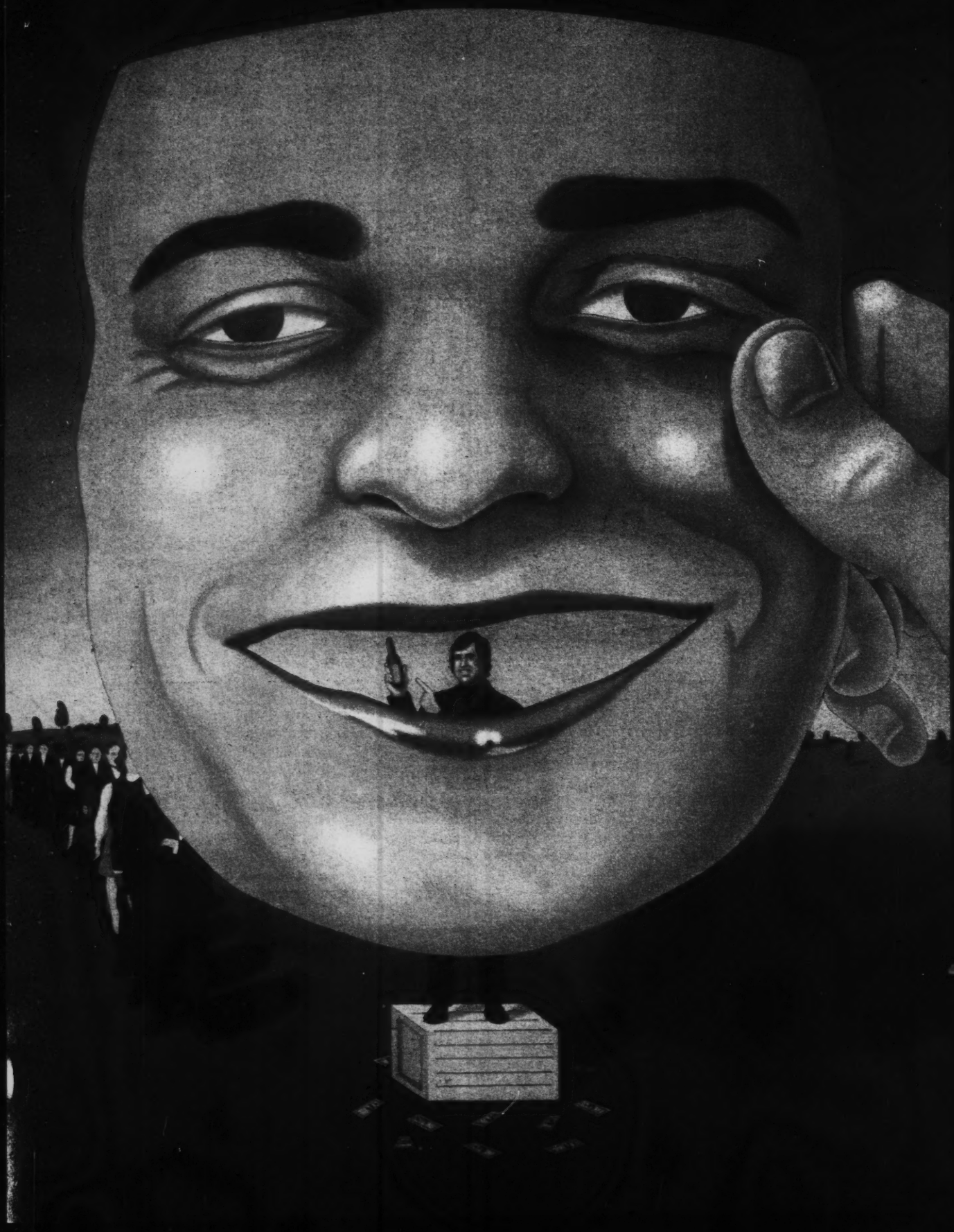
About criticism: "So I can't get too excited about that holier than thou attitude—you're getting too big, bringing in too many things. Either you're going to take over the world or you're not. You've got to get the culture changed. What I'm after is a power base for us. One of these days I'm going to surprise everybody by walking away from this thing. Giving it over to the people here and saying to hell with it. [Those last two lines came out of nowhere, in Shuttleworth's exasperated, contradictory fashion. He uttered them, then picked up the track again.] What I'm after is getting everybody moved over, right now, so that we lessen our impact on the planet. Either you're going to get the job done or not. And you've got to get big to do it. I'm sorry."

In late afternoon, driving back in a rain from *Mother*'s General Store to the editorial offices, stuck in a traffic jam, Shuttleworth confides: "I've often said *Mother* has a lot more integrity than I do . . . . It gets to be a royal pain in the butt sometimes having to live up to what I have to. Sometimes I have this view of myself as an insane old man leading these squabbling children around."

Before the day is out, John Shuttleworth, the guy who brought Leon Blythe and Bob Holland together, will have said: "I'm not particularly money oriented. You see, my fortune's made. Just from the track record I got I can go to New York any day and pull down a $100,000 a year job editing. I'm a good editor. I can do it well."

And then he will turn his attention to a new business proposal, a syndicated television show.

And that night he will seek store-bought relief from diarrhea. ●



The 30-second star

Commercial Way turns them out for TV ads (It ain't exactly Actors Studio)

By Paul Boorstin

The ingenue's face has all the sincerity of someone mourning the death of the friend of a friend. Her peach frost claws grip the invisible plastic bottle. "Tame Creme Rinse with body leaves your hair bouncy, soft, manageable." She tosses her curls, revealing rippling highlights. "A real treat for your hair and your pocketbook. Just a dollar eighty-nine at better stores everywhere!"

"Smile, dear. Always smile when you mention the price." Maxine Anderson flicks off the video tape camera that has recorded Linda McCullough's performance. Wearing silk lounging pajamas, the tired 50ish blond speaks with the authority of a master teacher as the teenager listens in awestruck silence: "This is hard sell. Smile all the way through." Linda takes a deep breath, her frail shoulders aquiver from nervous exhaustion. "Just a *dollar eighty- nine* at better stores everywhere!" This time, she bathes the dollar sign in a toothsome aurora borealis.

A dozen pupils hunch on chairs and sofas in the knotty pine-paneled room on Sunset Strip, awaiting their turn before the video tape camera. They pore devoutly over their commercial scripts, none longer than the Lord's Prayer. The gruff whispers of rehearsal are a desperate assertion of faith, like kaddish or catechism. Keith Michl, a blond youth with the look of a wayward surfer, grips an imaginary tube of toothpaste as he recites his paean. "Only Colgate contains MFP FLUORIDE, the miracle decay fighter. . . ."

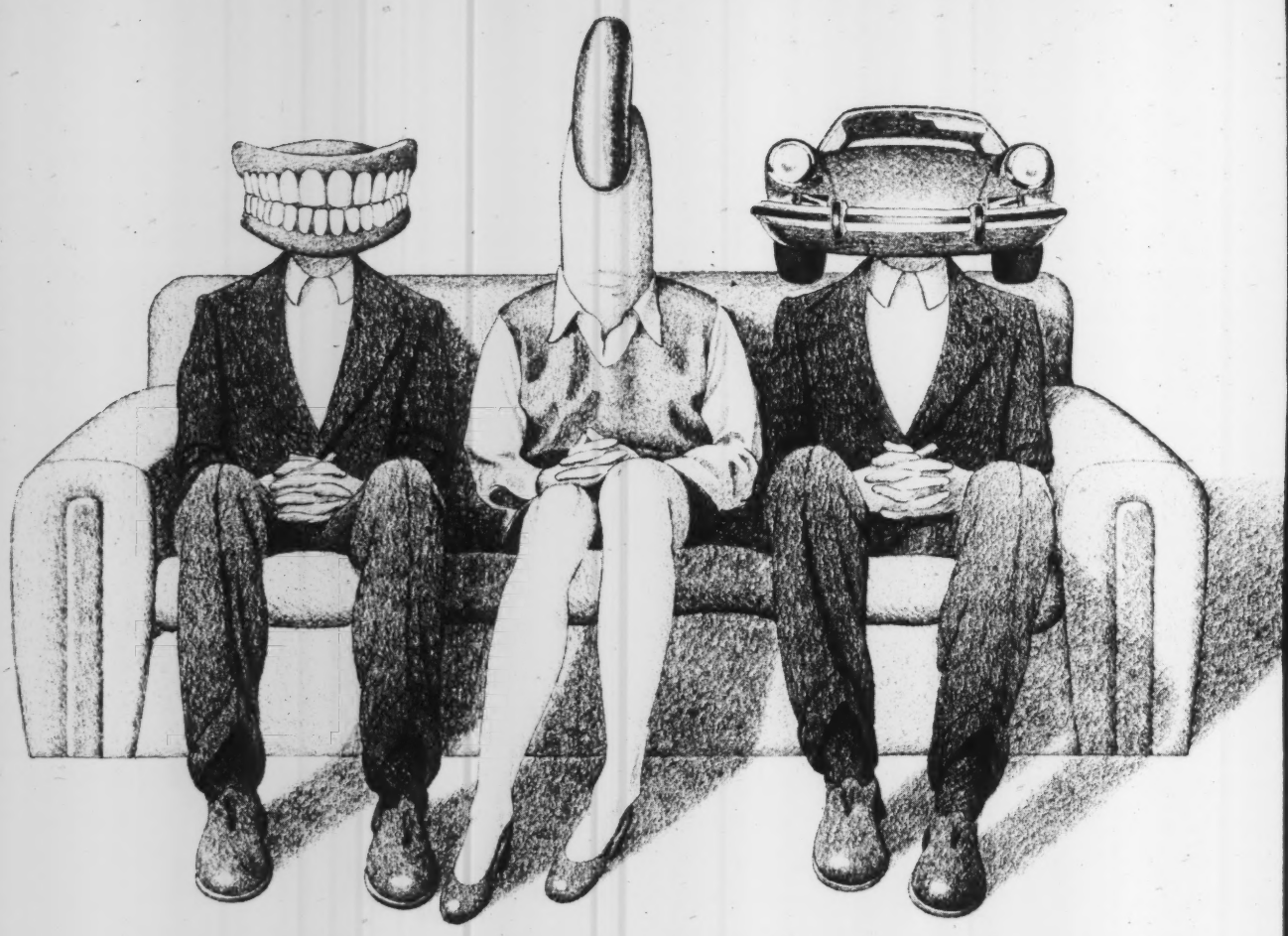
"This one is all teeth, honey," Maxine interrupts, baring her own. "Smile when you mention secret ingredients like Axion, Borax or Chlorophyll. Otherwise the audience will think they're something unpleasant."

These aspiring actors have come to Maxine Anderson's Commercial Way to learn Hollywood's most lucrative skill. Actors and actresses earn over $60 million a year from television commercials, slightly more than all that is earned from acting in theatrical motion pictures and filmed television shows combined. This is possible because on a nationwide network commercial, an actor receives residuals every time the commercial is aired. Payments start at $165.90 for the first use and slide down to $28.35 from the 14th showing on. If the commercial runs for longer than 13 weeks, the whole cycle repeats itself. For 10 years, students have come to The Commercial Way to learn how to cut a slice of that pie. Maxine is in the know because when she is not teaching her class, she operates a casting service for producers, often supplying actors and actresses for commercials. Every Wednesday night from 7:00 to 10:00, she communicates her accumulated wisdom to her disciples.

Pat Rae, overweight, rumpled and ferociously ambitious, is next to face the video tape camera, her gestures aping Huey Long, Demosthenes, Castro: "Handy Andy for your walls, floors and ceiling," she trumpets. "Handy Andy for every household chore. Handy Andy gobbles up dirt!" Her teeth glisten like the ivories of a Japanese grand piano. The grey-haired lady boasts they cost her $4,000, part of the $10,000 Pat has already spent in her campaign to break into commercials. "It's an investment," she explains. Her inspiration is Ress Fix, one of Maxine's most successful graduates. Ress, a retired schoolteacher, attended Maxine's course at the age of 77, and now at 81 is making more money from commercials than she ever earned in her life. From a single Plymouth Duster spot in 1973, the elderly starlet garnered $4,000. Pat Rae got the message. She commutes by jet from San Francisco to Los Angeles every week to attend The Commercial Way.

Pat's bravado is a hard act to follow, and little Deena Booth is stricken with commercial stage fright. "Pamper pampers your hair. It's two shampoos in one, because it's concentrated." For a moment she loses her place in the script. ". . . There's more *in* Pamper." Deena is not just another pretty face. In fact, if this plump, plain girl were pretty, it might work against her. "The ad agencies want

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN O'LEARY



'real' people," Maxine explains. "They want a slice of life Middle America can identify with. A lot of times girls lose parts because they're too pretty."

"I know you'll love Pamper just as much as I do." Deena twitches the corners of her mouth desperately for a tag-line grin, but acute cheek paralysis interferes. "We have a smiling problem, here," says Maxine, shaking her head. "Don't worry about whether you mean it or not, dear. There's no such thing as an insincere smile." Deena slumps off camera, discouraged.

All dozen students have had their turn: a few 30ish housewives, the wayward surfer and starstruck girls in their late teens and 20s. Now they huddle together to watch the video-taped performances played back on a television set. Their eyes reflect the fascination of Stone Age aborigines confronting their own image for the first time, eager to worship it. Watching these continuous commercials on the screen offers a prophecy of the future, when the last speck of programming will be expunged from the airwaves, replaced by wall to wall pitchmen.

Maxine provides insights as she watches the video tape. "You tightened up on 'if nature can't do it, Curlsaway will.' Dear, there just aren't any moody teenagers in commercials. You have to be *up*." After each performance, there are murmurs of approval, but Linda brings down the house with her closing exhortation: "Fine makeup, sensibly priced . . . Maybelline!" Father, son and holy ghost! The smile is sly, coy, flirtatious, dimples pocking her face like war-ravaged Verdun. Now that the image of each has been fired through the cathode ray tube onto the screen, the prize seems within their grasp. The students forget about the obstacles that lie ahead: finding an agent, joining the Screen Actors Guild and snagging a job. They are obsessed with 30 seconds of glory, which when run on national network television once a week for 13 weeks would earn them $1,000.

It is little wonder Maxine is opening another branch of The Commercial Way in San Diego to meet popular demand. What makes her approach different from the handful of other commercial acting schools in Los Angeles is that she sees commercials not just as a fast buck but as a path to wisdom. "A commercial actor has to play himself," Maxine says, "because all commercials are type cast. And to play yourself you have to discover *who you are*."

That philosophical approach motivates the students' most difficult exercise, inspired by the Stanislavsky method: the improvisation. Strewn on an adjoining couch are an assortment of products that Maxine has brought from home. Each student must choose one he can "get into emotionally," and then compose a testimonial in its praise. Keith Michl, a sports car enthusiast, fondly grabs the familiar jar of turtle wax. Pat Rae does not take long to select Baggies, with visible affection. The ingenue, her fingernails her pride and joy, claws the box of well-loved Knox Gelatin. Deena hesitates too long, and is stuck with Cream of Leek Soup. The students are ready, their eyes flashing headlights over chromium smiles. "You

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A Los Angeles free lance, Boorstin's contributed an article on the All-New Civil War for the Oct. 18 issue.

know folks, I worked hard for my Porsche, so I give it nothing but the best. Turtle Wax! . . ." "Whenever I fly down from San Francisco for acting class, I use Baggies to keep my sandals clean. . . ." "Knox Gelatin changed my life, not just my split nails. It can do the same for you!"

Beautiful! With millions of dollars and gallons of executive martinis, even BBD&O couldn't have done better. It is as if the commercials were pent up in these aspiring actors, waiting to be set free, part of the collective unconscious of television pitches that have been locked in the human spirit since the primordial ooze. After each improvisation, there is wild applause, a pride of accomplishment. That is what the art of acting in commercials is all about. Only Deena lacks the inner reservoir of feeling for her pitch. "How long since you've had Cream of Leek Soup?" she protests a bit too much. "It's got so many vitamins. A great pickup when you need it. Won't you buy a can . . . please?" "Never beg in commercials," says Maxine emphatically. "And never beg in life."

Flushed with triumph, the class has a new camaraderie. They have shared their deepest feelings, in a catharsis rivaling that of a group encounter session. Time now for a break. Some students discuss their false eyelashes and tap-dancing lessons. Pat Rae shows off her publicity pictures "taken by the same guy who photographed Marilyn Monroe." Felice Greene, Maxine's elderly assistant, passes among them collecting $150 checks for the six weeks' tuition, and serves tea and oatmeal cookies like the genteel hostess at a cotillion dancing class.

For others who aspire to act in commercials, there are no tea and cookies. At the Laurence Merrick Studios Academy of Dramatic Arts, many Vietnam veterans studying on the GI Bill attend the crowded commercials class. Unlike the dewy-eyed hopefuls at The Commercial Way, they have seen the raunchy side of life. But they do hold one thing in common with Maxine Anderson's sheltered middle class disciples: the Dream, the 30-second Yellow Brick Road.

Matthias Uitz, their teacher, is a German actor who was thrown out of work when the market for Nazi villains in TV series declined. He has never appeared in a commercial himself, relying instead on "study and observation." If Maxine Anderson's approach is paved with gritted molars, his method pinpoints a different portion of the anatomy. Matthias holds up a tube of Brylcreem. "What is this?" he asks. The students crane their necks. The bushy naturals in the front row make it difficult to see. "What is this?" Matthias repeats again. "Hair grease!" a voice shouts from the back. The teacher shakes his head. "No. I'll tell you what it is. It's a phallic symbol." The class is baffled. Matthias enunciates, "It's a dick. I want you to hold your product like one. I don't care if it's a flashlight, a Coke bottle or a Paper Mate pen." There is a buzz of fascination in the audience. The few class members with notebooks scrawl down the salient point. "Sex," the teacher explains, "is the secret of success in commercials." He never even mentions smiling.

Matthias demonstrates what he calls the Steve McQueen walk—buttocks clenched in, hips thrust out. The teacher is slight of build, bland, unimposing. "Steve McQueen wasn't born with sex appeal. He learned it, and you can, too. From me." With a college try at a Steve McQueen strut, a broad-shouldered veteran swaggers on camera. "The eyes are windows to the soul," Matthias continues. "If you're going to sell sex, I have to see it in your eyes. Look at that lens like you're staring at a sexy broad." The veteran leers lasciviously into the camera. "I've got a little secret," he drawls. Seductively, he unbuttons his shirt to his navel, revealing the head of a tube. He whips it out. "Protein 21! That's my secret." The audience response is tepid. "Let's give him a hand!" Matthias urges, and there is a drizzle of applause as the student beats a hasty retreat.

"Don't worry about whether you mean it," says Teacher. "There's no such thing as an insincere smile"

Offstage, Thomas Mosley, a young black actor with the rubbery limbs of a Jerry Lewis, presses his hand to his temples in concentration. He has carefully choreographed his performance with Judy Casey, a willowy blond posing alluringly on camera. Mosley saunters up to her. "What's happening, baby? Tired of that same old thing?" He puts his arms around her, fondling her hair, caressing her shoulders. "There's just one kind of leading lady I can't tolerate, and that's one with dry, flaky skin." He strokes his hand along her arm, as Judy purrs softly. "Let's just say that Noxzema puts you in the mood. . . ." They snuggle close, cheeks touching, sultry eyes flirting with the icy monocle of the camera's lens. Bravissimo! The cheering shakes the rafters. "Very creative," Matthias Uitz admits. "Now we've learned that sex is the key to selling, I want you to remember one thing. Keep it within the realm of good taste."

The private dreams of every would-be commercials actor are too deeply held to be uprooted by reality: that over 85 percent of the TV and movie actors in Hollywood are unemployed at any given moment; that of all members of the Screen Actors Guild, the union to which actors in filmed commercials belong, 76 percent earn less than $3,500 a year from their profession. Each hopeful newcomer thinks he will be the exception that proves the American dream.

Back at Maxine Anderson's Commercial Way, the three-hour class is almost over. "Now I want to introduce you to something I really enjoy," Maxine smiles, taking a book from her desk. "It's poetry." The students do not share her enthusiasm. "We're going to read some poems aloud in class, to learn how to recite commercials. This poem is called 'The Bells' by Edgar Allan Poe." A student jingles his car keys impatiently.

Pat Rae starts in, her tongue strangely numb and wooden, as if pronouncing Sanskrit. She chooses the familiar mood of a Fritos jingle: "Hear the sledges with the Bells—/ Silver Bells!/ What a world of merriment their melody foretells!" Each student reluctantly takes a stanza as the book is passed around the room. Linda McCullough puffs out her frail chest, her spindly voice trying to seize an excitement, a drama beyond her grasp: "Hear the loud alarum bells—/ Brazen bells!/ What a tale of terror their t. . .t. . ." She stumbles over a word. "*Tur*bulency," Maxine helps her, "pronounced like de*ter*gent." "Oh, like that Cheer ad," Linda grins. "What a tale of terror their turbulency tells!" A stewardess singsong, announcing the airport temperature on landing in Cleveland. She hands the book to Deena. "Hear the mellow wedding bells—/ Golden bells!/ What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!" Deena is smiling. Not a big "Naming the Price" smile, but a smile, nevertheless. The others don't appreciate Deena's achievement. The strange sounds make them uncomfortable, and they would rather not pay attention. "Keeping time, time, time,/ In a sort of Runic Rhyme,/ To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells . . ." "Tintinnabulation?" There is a stifled snicker in the class. "Tintinnabulation." Why would anyone even think up a word like that? It must be a secret ingredient. ●

MOVIES

Dead end

By Frank Rich

Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins is the fourth major road movie to be released since last summer (the others: Mazursky's *Harry and Tonto*, Scorsese's *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* and AIP's sleazy box-office sleeper *Macon County Line*), and it takes to the road for the same reason some people climb mountains—simply because it's there. Nothing happens in this movie, and nothing can happen, because the whole thing has been slapped together according to formula. The formula has lost all meaning, but the filmmakers don't seem to know that: director Dick Richards and screenwriter John Kaye go quite earnestly about their business, as if they're making the road movie to end them all. (They may have succeeded, but not in the way they had intended.) They ply us with dramatic and pictorial flashcards, mostly lifted from other sources, and reckon that we'll respond to the stimuli because we've been conditioned, à la Pavlov, by the films they're raiding. Though sloppily made (almost every relationship and subplot in the film self-destructs before it's over), *Rafferty* has been so carefully calculated that if it didn't exist, we could invent it ourselves. Instead of reacting to the movie, we tune it out—as we might tune out the surrounding landscape of a highway we've driven every day of our lives. The only image in the film that did anything for me was its inevitable closing shot, of an open highway leading nowhere; then I knew it was time to get my coat and go home.

If familiarity breeds contempt, then *Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins* is an invitation to murder. There isn't anything in this picture that you haven't seen elsewhere, possibly as recently as last week. Its three protagonists, thrown together by a phony plot gambit involving a fake kidnap threat, are all hand-me-downs: Alan Arkin's Rafferty is an ex-Marine left over from *The Last Detail*, Sally Kellerman's kooky would-be country-western singer shares the personality traits of *Five Easy Pieces*' hitchhiker and the career ambitions of Scorsese's Alice, Mackenzie Phillips' bratty runaway orphan is an abrasive recycling of the character she created in *American Graffiti*. (Kellerman and Phillips are okay within these limits, but Arkin, as in *Freebie and the Bean*, doesn't bring anything to his low-rent character; we see only the vaguest flashes of his old gnashing neuroticism—he's mellowed out to become a drip.) *Rafferty* is also the fourth film in less than a year to show us the gaming tables and two-bit slot-room entertainers of Vegas (the others: *Harry and Tonto*, *California Split* and *The Gambler*) and at least the third to take us to a used-car lot (*Sugarland Express*, *Harry and Tonto*); like most every film set in the South or Southwest in recent years, it also has a bit with a dumb gas-station attendant (*Macon County Line* has one, too—the character was created by Michael J. Pollard in *Bonnie and Clyde*). *Rafferty*'s most significant retreads, however, are those that come expressly from the road-movie genre itself; they're the devices that add an illusion of motion to a film whose true forte is stasis.

Phillips, Kellerman and Arkin in Richards' *Rafferty*: flashcards.

Sometimes it takes a movie that misuses all the conventions of a form to show up, once and for all, the bankruptcy of that form, and if *Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins* has any value, it is to undermine one of the more durable strains of American moviemaking during the past five years. The road movie, in its current incarnation, first burst into prominence in 1969, of course, with *Easy Rider*—a film that took a literary convention that stretches from the novels of Twain to those of Kerouac and beyond (the hero who flees civilization for the wilderness to confront his soul), updated it (Dennis Hopper redefined civilization as urban America and the wilderness as agrarian, small-town mid-America) and commercialized it for a young mass audience (with dope, sex and hippie jargon). (*Easy Rider* also lingers on in our ideologically ambiguous paranoid-populist potboilers—who is Billy Jack if not Hopper-Fonda back from the dead to get revenge on the faceless brutes?) By the time Jack Nicholson, whose cameo as a pot-smoking cracker lawyer provided *Easy Rider* with its only memorable scene, turned up as the star of *Five Easy Pieces* a year later, the die was cast. The road movie would have to contain all or most of the following elements: a hero who's either an alienated drifter or a social outcast (all three of *Rafferty*'s major protagonists are both); a vehicle of transport that at times upstages its easy rider (Rafferty drives a beat-up Lincoln that sounds like Jack Benny's old Maxwell); a lot of indigenous weirdos, some of whom will be hitchhikers, that the hero can meet along the way (*Rafferty* contributes an amputee-veteran and a crazy evangelist, along with the usuals); a flat landscape dotted with ticky-tacky cultural artifacts that serve as constant indictments of America-gone-mad (diners, bowling alleys, two-bit bars, neon signs, sterile motels plus the standard gas stations and used-car lots, etc., etc.); and a soundtrack punctuated by ironic deployments of old popular songs (*Rafferty* begins with "When the

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The Third Newsweekly.

Caissons Go Rolling Along," closely followed by "America," and concludes with "You Are My Sunshine"). While the first road movies tended to end apocalyptically(ah, good old '60s pessimism!),the new ones often end happily, a development that's probably more a reflection of current Hollywood front-office wisdom than anything else.

Harry and Tonto and *Alice Doesn't Live Here* overcame a great deal of their road-movie trappings by substituting well-conceived, well-written and wholly novel heroes (a 72-year-old man and a reasonably well-adjusted single woman, respectively) for the usual dropouts, but one wishes, especially after seeing *Rafferty*, that they had broken away from the genre's rituals even more than they did. Did Harry and Alice really have to go out on the highway to reach the levels of self-awareness they achieve by the end of their journeys? I think not. The real function of the road in each of these films is to provide comfort to the audience, who can relax in the expectation that the movie they're watching will operate within the bounds of established guidelines, and to the screenwriter, who can pile up incidents and move the story forward without having to provide an ingenious plot or too much central motivation beyond the call of the open road. When you see *Rafferty*, whose actual scenic route overlaps those of both of these films (and which, like *Alice*, has a long stop in Tucson besides), *Harry* and *Alice*'s structural design, if not their idiosyncratic emotional content, falls into disrepute.

It's time that American movies got off the road entirely, except for essential errands—after all, there's an energy crisis going on these days. Escape to the boondocks as a salve for all ills may have been a plausible alternative in the '60s, when at the very least it served as a symbolic rejection of the Vietnam war machine and the social structure that fueled it, but now that route seems neither relevant nor, as a practical matter, accessible. Most of our problems now begin at home and must be solved there—unpalatable a truth as that may be. But most American filmmakers seem blissfully unaware of what's happening around and beyond them: hardly any films of any quality last year chose to deal with the realities of life as it is lived by most of the nation, in the cities and their suburban belts. *A Woman Under the Influence* did, but it was made outside of the studio system, and so did Ivan Passer's failed *Law and Disorder*, which, because it was the work of an Eastern European director, embraced as a matter of routine such exotic concerns as the mundane ways by which people earn a living and the atrophication of city life.

Studs Terkel has noted that American movies don't show people working at their jobs anymore, and that's a good general summation of the problem. American movies also don't care too much about people who must cope with marriage, their 2.3 children, grocery shopping, life insurance salesmen and that new tedium which, as much as anything, seems to define our current national life. Certainly not all of our films have to be about these things (who doesn't want unadulterated entertainment to lighten the load, or the special visions of an Altman or a Coppola?), but if filmmakers are going to make serious pictures—and I assume *Rafferty* is intended as a serious picture—is it too much to ask that they sometimes put people on the screen that come from contemporary real life rather than from other movies? And that if they do (as Mazursky and Scorsese do), that they occasionally put these people down in settings where they must (like we must) confront themselves and each other without taking off into the blue yonder every time life gets too hot to handle or it suits a screenwriter's whim? What makes *Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins* so unsettling is that it's the ultimate extension of what happens when popular artists stop making connections with their audience and instead connect only with the products of their industry: it is, from beginning to end, a corpse.

Schneider and Trintignant in Deville's *Love at the Top*: the bottom drops out.

The cast of a new French comedy called **Love at the Top** is so delicious that sheer anticipation and good will alone should carry most any moviegoer through the film's first half-hour. When Jean-Louis Trintignant, Romy Schneider, Jean-Pierre Cassel and Jane Birkin are thrown together on the same screen, who dares give a damn what they're doing? Particularly when what they're doing seemingly promises to involve both laughter and sex (and carefree, non-neurotic sex at that). *Love at the Top* begins smashingly, with director Michel Deville and screenwriter Christopher Frank (working from a novel by Roger Blondel) deftly setting up their Evelyn Waugh-style premise, a story about a pale schnook of a bank teller (Trintignant) who one day decides to chuck his job and middle-class straitjacket to grab life by the ass. Soon hero Nicholas is on the street grabbing the mysterious Ms. Birkin by the ass—a provocative enough first step in his plan to "become rich and sleep with many women"—and it looks like a giddy and inconsequential farce is about to go into orbit. But, as it turns out, Deville and Frank have more serious matters in mind. Once their movie gets going, you may find that all the good will in the world cannot get you through to its conclusion.

The movie's tone shifts abruptly after its opening scenes, suddenly mixing satire, emotional and physical violence, convoluted plot ploys and trite philosophizing into a terribly eclectic and ultimately bland morality play that is neither moving, instructive nor entertaining. In the end, what the makers of *Love at the Top* are dying to tell us is that love and decency have it all over money, fame, power and promiscuity—and who wants to go to the movies to hear that? The good bits in the film—separated by progressively longer spells of tedium as it proceeds—tell us quite the reverse; they're the cynical ones that poke fetchingly at such targets as scandal-sheet newspapers, male fantasies (the hero offers a department store salesgirl "one whole night for a shirt" and begs a stranger to let him kiss her fingertips, which she does) and expedient politicians who are more than willing to play all sides of the fence if they can only find the fence. Other fledgling comic ideas and characters—Nicholas' brief fling as a gigolo with an ancient *grande dame*, his trysts with a bisexual social lioness (Florinda Bolkan) and a sexless druggist's daughter turned sexless movie bombshell (Estella Blain)—fall prey to the filmmakers' desire to herd us on to their so-what denouement.

The stars eventually cannot avoid being at the mercy of their material, but before the bottom of *Top* drops out they perform a few bright turns. Jane Birkin makes for a blithe-spirited whore who rather endearingly refers to Madame Prunier's chi-chi Parisian restaurant as "Prune's," and Schneider is an ideal representation of the kind of mature, sensi-

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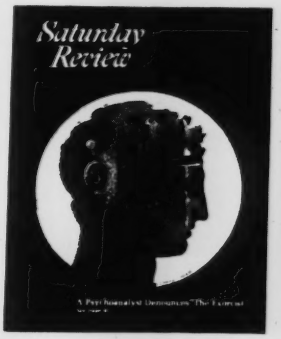

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tive adulteress that usually appears in French movies in the form of either Delphine Seyrig or Stephane Audran. Trintignant is best early on, when he's still a proverbial 90-pound weakling ever fearful of getting sand kicked in his face; once his conscience starts to act up, it quickly strangles his charm. The one utterly thankless role in the film belongs to Cassel, who plays a bitter failed novelist named Fabre who chooses to live by proxy through his pal Nicholas; the character becomes the movie's gloomy handwriting on the wall, for the more he's around acting sullen the less likely it becomes that the picture will ever retrieve the jaunty high spirits with which it began. By the time Fabre finally does take himself out of the action—by suicide—*Love at the Top* is all but over; this once attractive soufflé of a film has irretrievably collapsed, and one's only hope is that its remains, along with Cassel's, might be quickly whisked out of sight.

During the first season of producer Ely Landau's presumptuous effort to bring plays-on-film to what he apparently regards as the great unwashed American masses, American Film Theatre subscribers got to see eight pictures of insanely varied quality as well as some spectacular live improvisatory skits in which disgruntled victims of computer foul-ups attempted to wrest away tickets from helpless theater managers. It was quite a season: while the AFT brought forth one brilliant movie (Peter Hall's *The Homecoming*), one decent star vehicle hurt only by the shortcomings of the flimsy play on which it was based (Alan Bates in Simon Gray's *Butley*), and one intriguing failure (Frankenheimer's *Iceman Cometh*), it also shoved at its captive audiences a number of unholy bombs, at least two of which (*Rhinoceros* and *Luther*) can hold their own with the worst films to be seen under any auspices in recent years. This time around, the AFT is offering five rather than eight experiments in mixed media, and, if the first of them I've seen is any indication, the reduction in quantity is not necessarily going to be compensated for by quality. (Though, one assumes, the price of a season's ticket has been appropriately reduced.)

Joseph Losey's film of Bertolt Brecht's **Galileo** (the Charles Laughton translation) is yet another example of what happens when those who would adapt plays into movies fail to think through the implications of the process. Losey can be a first-rate director (e.g., *The Servant, Accident, The Go-Between*), but in *Galileo*, as in his cinematically static and ideologically over-baked film version of *A Doll's House* (seen on TV last year), he gets thrown off track by his insistence on paying stylistic homage to the medium for which these properties were originally written. He of all people should know that the best way to turn plays into film is to forget they were ever plays in the first place; if he does know that, there's little indication of that intelligence in either of his last two movies. Rather than find a cinematic equivalent to Brechtian "alienation" (as such widely varied filmmakers as Orson Welles, in *Citizen Kane,* and Robert Aldrich, in *The Legend of Lylah Clare*, have done), Losey more or less gives *Galileo* a routine, basic-Brecht theatrical staging and then records it on film. At the beginning he shows us the lights and cameras behind the scenes (in a theater we'd have lights without cameras), then brings on the title cards, the soliloquies addressed point-blank to the audience, the wandering minstrels with their abrasive Hanns Eisler songs and so on—and the total effect is to alienate us not once, but twice. Brecht wanted to let the seams of theater show to remind us always that we are watching theater; what Losey does is remind us that we're *not* watching theater and, for that matter, not watching film, either. Instead of applying Brechtian theory to his own medium, this director is superimposing the medium on Brechtian stage practice. It's like trying to reproduce the sound of a symphony orchestra by taking a photograph of it.

Under these circumstances, one should, I guess, be grateful for the two scenes in the movie that do work—one involving Galileo's appearance before a petulant 9-year-old duke of Florence and another where the hero's family and friends wait in distanced tableau to hear if he will recant his radical views about the universe. *Galileo* also has a minor acting triumph—the triumph is over the script's deadly talkiness—by Topol, who turns the title character into a crusty, vibrant figure, full of contagious laughter during the days of his early scientific coups and awesome introspection during the long night of his seclusion and decline. As is typical of AFT productions, this one also boasts what publicists used to refer to as "a galaxy of international stars"—Edward Fox, Margaret Leighton, Michel Lonsdale (Michael Lonsdale in the program's credits; the AFT is not big on overestimating the intelligence of its audience), Patrick Magee and, inevitably, a sputtering John Gielgud; they

don't have much to do. In the second act, Georgia Brown and Clive Revill arrive as Ballad Singers to do a raucous, foot-stomping number that, in its dark but lusty staging, manages to make them look like refugees from a touring company of *Oliver!*—which is, in fact, exactly what they are.

Thanks to censorship, hard-core porn is still pretty much an under-the-counter item in France—and that's why the French must make do with sex movies like **Emmanuelle**, a piece of soft-core fluff that manages to recall the heady '50s heyday of such American efforts as *The Immortal Mr. Teas* and *Not Tonight, Henry*. Why audiences on this side of the Atlantic choose to flock to this attenuated collection of masturbatory snapshots is something else again, especially when the real, no-holes-barred (so to speak) thing is more than likely to be unreeling at the movie house next door. Chances are that *Emmanuelle*'s appeal has more than a little to do with Columbia Pictures' aggressive ad campaign, which is built around a sell line suggesting that the movie "lets you feel good without feeling bad." Roughly translated, this phrase of Madison Avenue-ese means that *Emmanuelle*, unlike its hard-core competitors, won't threaten its audience: no one's virility is about to be upstaged by the appearance of a world-beating anatomical appendage or a cavernous throat and the unflattering comparisons they might invite. *Emmanuelle* is a sex film to which an insecure moviegoer can take a spouse—at least when his or her raincoat is otherwise occupied for the evening.

Sex is mainly quick and conventional in this film, with convention these days having expanded to take in a fillip or two of unkinky lesbianism. Director Just Jaeckin, a fashion photography grad, is strictly of the old school; the men of *Emmanuelle* tend to keep their pants up during copulation and the camera is endlessly fascinated by the facial gyrations of women during their unfailingly vocal countdowns to orgasm. The story has something to do with the jaded lives of upper-crust French diplomats at loose ends in Bangkok (an onomatopoeic choice of setting for English-speaking audiences, at any rate), a crowd that likes to talk and talk and talk about sex and usually does so in mannered aristocratic dialogue that sounds like a parody of Noel Coward. The screenplay (by Jean-Louis Richard) is based on a best-selling memoir by an anonymous French governmental bigwig's wife—one Paris rumor has it that the authoress is Mme. Pompidou (God forbid!)—and it concludes with the naive heroine's esoteric quest to discover the true meaning of what the film never tires of calling "eroticism." Emmanuelle's mentor on this journey is played by the dignified, silver-haired Alain Cuny—an imperious, stiff figure who always manages to convey the impression that he has just gotten up on the wrong side of bed. *Emmanuelle*'s female bodies (the only variety we see) are well above average for this sort of endeavor, as are the film's TV commercial-slick production values, but if this movie "lets you feel good without feeling bad," it does so at a ticket price that is roughly three times the cost of any of the many stroke magazines that might serve the identical function.

Peter Pearson, the Canadian director responsible for **Paperback Hero**, seems to know something about how to use a camera—but that may be all he knows. There are several instances in this new film about a rural Saskatchewan ice-hockey hero when its maker brings fluid visual order to jumbled interior action, whether it be the chaos of a late-night gathering of jock revelers or the bickering of a working-class couple claustrophobically confined to the home they make in a trailer. On the other hand, this slight evidence of skill is just as likely a reflection of the industriousness of the film's cinematographer, Don Wilder, as it is of Pearson's, and, regardless of who's responsible, there's no way it's going to be sufficient nourishment to stop making you feel that you were anywhere else but in the presence of this movie. *Paperback Hero* is about the decline of the Old (Canadian) West as viewed through the downfall of Rick (Keir Dullea), the king of the town of Delisle (pop. 700) by dint of his athletic prowess and sexual bravado; when the local hockey team's owner decides to fold it, Rick is stripped of both his celebrity status and his future, and, having no other identity beyond that one handed him by his sport, decides to play out his macho dream with a gun instead of a hockey stick. The movie is ineptly written (by Len Rose and Barry Pearson), badly edited (continuity becomes a meaningless concept in its second half) and routinely acted (by a cast that uniformly sounds like flat-toned radio announcers). Lest anyone miss the larger implications of their drama, the screenwriters have their hero tell us early on that if he'd "been born a hundred years ago" he'd have been "a gunfighter"; Gordon Lightfoot's recurring soundtrack rendition of "If You Could Read My Mind" (hence the film's title) fills in the rest of the metaphorical blanks. The film's setting is probably a bit more interesting than any of its inhabitants, although, authentic as it is, it may seem familiar to anyone who's seen *The Last Picture Show*. Like the rural '50s Texas town of that movie, Delisle has a wide main drag, dusty sunsets, cumulus clouds streaking across an enormous sky, a tired local cafe, a feisty barmaid who has had more honeymoons than weddings (Elizabeth Ashley), a bitchy daughter of The Richest Man in Town (Dayle Haddon) and some colorful-looking old folks. All that's missing is a local movie house—an omission that no doubt reflects the cultural origins of the filmmakers themselves.

MUSIC

Lost—but now found

By Janet Maslin

Linda Ronstadt—or "Luscious Linda," as she has often and patronizingly been called—is finally hitting the big time, and not just because of her pretty face or sex-kitten publicity. Ten years of hard work and hard knocks have doubtless contributed to her current success. And so has the radically different approach to recording which she has only now, on her *Heart Like A Wheel* LP, begun to attempt.

Ronstadt was 18 when she had her first hit single—the inordinately catchy "Different Drum," with Linda as lead singer for the Stone Poneys—and

she admits to having been a bit naive. Though she came equipped with a rich, overpowering and expressive voice, she had precious little idea what to do with it, a problem compounded by the culture shock of her moving from Arizona (where she had been entranced with country music) to Los Angeles (where keeping up with the glamorous Joneses became as important an aspect of her career as simple singing). Her recordings with the Stone Poneys attest to both an abundance of ability and an utter lack of finesse; though Ronstadt, as an early synthesizer of country rock, weighed in as an important footnote in rock history, she had yet to purge her voice of nasality or her style of perfunctoriness. Her material, like her arrangements, seemed selected at random; it was at that time that she released a cover of Laura Nyro's "Stoney End" that made Streisand's dispirited single sound frenzied by comparison.

She has made five subsequent solo albums, the first four of which are afflicted with similar problems. However appetizing an album-cover pinup she may have made, Ronstadt never even approached mastering the art of recording, though her voice (as heard in concert) grew ever more potent and evocative. Though *Hand Sown . . . Home Grown* featured Linda at her liveliest (on "The Only Mama That'll Walk The Line" she displayed a guttural growl that has since vanished from her repertoire), its arrangements of country-style tunes tended toward trendy but inappropriate psychedelia. (Ronstadt so disliked the album's jangly, electronic version of "Silver Threads and Golden Needles" that she later recorded a far more sedate version.) Then came *Silk Purse* (which had Linda posed in a pigpen—and *still* managing to look like cheesecake—for the cover shot), an album that overcompensated for the ebullient raggedness of its predecessor. This time her producer was slicker and more experienced, able to rearrange rock standards like "Will You Love Me Tomorrow?" to suit then-current tastes even if they didn't much suit the singer. The most important thing about *Silk Purse* was "Long, Long Time," the torchy ballad that was Ronstadt's first solo hit. Admittedly her best recorded performance thus far, "Long, Long Time" saw to it that Raucous Linda took a powder so that Pensive Linda might flourish.

Now Pensive Linda was a creature of many contradictions, for however sensitive and tender she sounded, she was often sweetly oblivious to whatever she sang about. By the time of *Linda Ronstadt,* her third Capitol solo LP, she had been saddled with quiet songs whose lyrics were wry, carefully shaded and altogether out of her range. Blessed with all the subtlety of a whizzing cannonball, Ronstadt could only sugar-coat highly verbal, relatively abstract songs like Jackson Browne's "Rock Me On The Water" or Liv Taylor's "In My Reply." She did know how to sing ballads, but they had to be songs she seemed to understand; her gently emotive rendition of Eric Andersen's "Faithful" only served to highlight the rest of the album's inadequacies.

"Rescue Me," her live version of the old Fontella Bass hit, was the most disastrous and disappointing of all, demonstrating how readily her slight self-discipline could evaporate whenever Linda got nervous. Despite the circumstances of recording, the cut bore no resemblance to Ronstadt's live performance; she seemed to be suffering from

Ronstadt: weighing in.

sudden stage fright, sounding so clutched up she could only resort to unfocused screaming. The problem was not unlike what Ronstadt always encountered with recording, either live or in the studio: she was just too edgy to sound like herself, too frustrated and impatient to keep trying, too ready to settle for second best. What's worse, she always knew what was wrong and yet couldn't seem to improve. She was invariably suspicious of producers, she once explained—particularly of producers who would try to use *her* voice as just one more of *their* many instruments—and as a result she often wound up pressing her lovers into studio service. But with a trusted boyfriend at the controls, she sometimes found herself relaxing more than was helpful, enjoying herself at the expense of her attention span. Singing was a pleasure, and even touring wasn't so bad—but recording was invariably agony.

Don't Cry Now was her last and best attempt to duplicate her performing style under studio conditions. Though that album can perhaps be faulted for its monochromatic California-cowboy instrumentation (Linda had moved from Capitol to Asylum) and the perennial ill-chosen clinker (Randy Newman's "Sail Away" was hardly her cup of soup), it contains her most consummate and polished singing on record: that album's version of the Eagles' "Desperado" still ranks as her masterpiece. But *Don't Cry Now* may have been a dead end; she may have strained there as much as she can or wants to and *still* not have done herself justice. In any case, although that album surpasses the new one as a purely vocal triumph, *Heart Like A Wheel*'s approach is a practical compromise between Ronstadt's ambition and her limitations.

Whatever her reasons, she finally did give in and allowed Peter Asher—who had taken a similar tack with James Taylor's elaborate first album—to use her voice as just one more musical resource in a complex scheme. Asher assembled an all-star cast (Maria Muldaur on backing vocals, Andrew Gold arranging and playing guitar) and let Ronstadt's material cover her natural span from country to rock; the brilliantly conceived "You're No Good," with its variegated guitar parts and superlative pace, outdoes the pop perfection of Richard Perry's "You're So Vain" arrangement. Ronstadt's singing remains top-notch on that album, but she no longer carries the full burden of holding the listener's attention; Asher uses strings, singers and the usual backup artillery more to provide a setting for her voice than to amplify it. More important, Asher has managed to accommodate Ronstadt to the studio by not even attempting to duplicate her live style—very few of the arrangements here could be adequately performed in concert—but by shaping her style to fit her situation. She is working as part of an ensemble now, for the first time in her career (even as lead singer with a band, Linda always seemed to be in full control). And still she's very much in command, however much it may appear otherwise.

The decision to take a relative back seat in the making of her records can only have been Ronstadt's own, doubtless prompted by the wearing effects of having continually run up against the same brick wall. In the past, and probably now, she ceded authority because she neither wanted nor was capable of assuming responsibility, because aggravation impaired her ability to sing as well as she hoped to. Though the success of *Heart Like A Wheel* is not

entirely hers, it is a jubilant success just the same. And unlike her relatively half-hearted prior efforts, it promises a bright and expansive future.

***Happy Together Again,** *The Turtles* (ABC/Dunhill). Three sides' worth of proof that mid-'60s pop was even more fun than memory might indicate; also one side of filler. But even on the nicest reissues you can't have everything.

***Spider Jiving,** *Andy Fairweather Low* (A & M). A Welshman, and the most idiosyncratic bluesy singer to come out of the British Isles since Van Morrison, the husky and rhythmic Low makes blockbusting solo debut. His title cut's a a special standout.

Country Life, *Roxy Music* (Atlantic). England's most ultra-sophisticated rockers sound muddier and a mite less interesting than they did the first three times around, enclosing their latest effort in their nearest thing yet to a pornographic cover.

*Dark Horse, *George Harrison* (Dark Horse). Meditational Muzak, dully but competently recorded, with inner-jacket art that presumes to ape the Bible. "So Sad," however listless, is about all that's noteworthy.

BOOKS

Foul Play

By Geoffrey Wolff

Idle Passion: Chess and the Dance of Death *by Alexander Cockburn.* Village Voice/Simon and Schuster (248 pp., $7.95).

I've pissed away my time and person on booze, and I've pissed it away on chess, and chess is worse. The hangovers are worse, the kind you earn by sleeping on the floor wearing a suit and tie and tightly-laced shoes. The headaches are worse, and the sense of waste, hopelessness, stupidity, captivity and transparent masquerade. No bar-stool wise-guy deep into the climactic illumination of his ph'losophy-a-life has known the absurd self-certitude of a chess duffer three moves away from the checkmate he *knows* he'll make, and doesn't. And having lost, a chess player is like a drunk five minutes after the bar closes, begging: *one more, just one game, then I'll quit, pull myself together, go home.*

I've played chess while my wife worked for our living. And while the confessional fit is upon me, let me admit to having barked at my kids, who wanted no more than to kiss me goodnight, because they broke, with their affection, what I was pleased to call "the flow of the game." I'm a sinner, okay? But listen: I didn't play chess because I secretly craved to murder my dad and sleep with mum. Alexander Cockburn believes that

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great chess players play chess because they want really to murder their dads. I don't believe him, but then I'm not a great chess player. I'm not even a good chess player, which is why, I guess, I'm only a middling bad man.

Cockburn's Freudian end game looks like a winner. It is his thesis that chess above all games is sterile, antisocial and destructive. And then he draws spare, but accurate, sketches of the game's masters and shows men who were sterile, antisocial and destructive. There was the great American champion Paul Morphy, paranoid and occasionally murderous in his inclinations, the subject of an extensive psychoanalytic exploration by Ernest Jones, Freud's distinguished disciple. And Cockburn retails again the legendary story of Wilhelm Steinitz, another world champion, who came to believe that he could speak long distance without the agency of a telephone, who believed that he enjoyed "electrical communication with God" and who challenged God to a game of chess, offering Him the advantage of first move and a pawn sacrifice.

He recollects the miserable human record of Alexander Alekhine, another world champion, a man so sadistic and treacherous that his moves are impossible to follow, let alone comprehend. And he merely quotes from Bobby Fischer:

"You don't learn anything in school. It's just a waste of time. You lug around books and all and do homework. They give too much homework. You shouldn't be doing homework. Nobody's interested in it. The teachers are stupid. They shouldn't have women in there. They don't know how to teach. . . . I don't remember one thing I learned in school. I don't listen to weakies. . . . You have to mix with all those stupid kids. The teachers are even stupider than the kids."

Fischer calls his mother "a square" and complains that "she keeps in my hair and I don't like people in my hair, you know, so I had to get rid of her." Cockburn concludes of Bobby Fischer that "no player has ever been such a walking advertisement for the Freudian interpretation of chess," which is Cockburn's interpretation. God knows he argues well, and much ripe symbolic fruit hangs to be plucked from the game.

In this thesis the oedipal urge is the moving principle of the game, together with a repetition compulsion and death wish. The etymology of the game's concluding announcement, "checkmate," which probably derives from the Persian words *shaah maat*—"the king is dead"—figures prominently in the Freudian reading. The weakness of the king and power of the queen is seen as symbolically significant. The word *mate* is wrung dry for its sexual suggestion. The fact that the variations in the game played by another champion, Emanuel Lasker, hinged upon an early exchange of queens is understood as a symptom of his wish to "get rid of women." Reuben Fine, a chess master and apostle of Freud, is quoted approvingly on the symbolic significance of the king in the game:

"It stands for the boy's penis in the phallic stage, and hence rearouses the castration anxiety characteristic of that period. . . . It is the father pulled down to the boy's size. Unconsciously it gives the boy a chance to say to the father: 'To the outside world you are big and strong, but when you get right down to it, you're just as weak as I am.' "

Cockburn: retailing the oedipal urge.

A few things: chess is an international game, so it is specious to invoke the double suggestion in English of the word *mate*. The power of the queen, as Cockburn reluctantly suggests, has no specific feminine reference in countries where the chess piece that we call *queen* is neuter, or even masculine (though Cockburn, a true believer, insists that those people, such as the Soviets, whose language denies the piece's femininity merely bury her meaning deeper within their subconscious). Emanuel Lasker did not force an exchange of queens to "get rid of women" but to win at chess, which he did.

It is an odd historical truth that women have never risen to the highest levels of excellence at chess, or they have been systematically excluded from superior competitions by conspirators unknown to me. This should have the greatest significance to Cockburn's study, and he concedes that he finds it "difficult to justify the male-oriented nature of this study and, indeed, of almost all studies of chess. Women have attacked the male domination of the game. Since I have less love for the game than most commentators, I suppose I can risk the response that it can be taken as a creditable sign that women have largely not become involved in chess or as expert as men in its execution, because they are happily without the psychological formations or drives that promote an expertise in the game in the first place." This is as slippery as it is silly.

Cockburn is on firmer footing when he declares that "chess is the supreme playful intimation of mortality and intimation of the death to come, and the death we flee from, yet desire." Anybody who has progressed beyond the most elementary beginnings of the game has experienced the exhaustion that follows victory in the game, an exhaustion I have never experienced from such draining and aggressive games as boxing or squash, but only from sex, or from awful fear, or from high stakes gambling. And gambling is, as Cockburn elegantly argues, at the antipodes from chess, not only in the obvious sense that one game depends utterly on providence and the other utterly on skill, but because chess "is a vindication of personal responsibility" while gambling "is a negation of the will, a surrender to destiny." Yet both are destructive. The malign significations Cockburn discovers in games and especially in this summa of games is without doubt closer to the truth than the social and intellectual virtues claimed on its behalf, yet its sublimated cruelty is endurable.

Cockburn is surely correct when he calls chess a "leave of absence from reality." Yet the game gives pleasure, and does no social harm. If the chess player's "achievement has no meaning beyond itself," neither does the poet's. If chess is not "part of normal social reality," neither is memory, or fancy. If chess players speak of *smashing* and *crushing* and *destroying* their opponents, no bones are broken, the loser walks from the table whole. If his self-esteem has been shattered, let me admit it: I will sleep untroubled.

Cockburn is a resourceful writer. His articles in the *Village Voice* and here and there on journalism are knowing and tough. He is sardonic, no easy man to snooker, and his set-piece here on the Fischer-Spassky carnival is as bright and as playful as the rest of this book might have been. But he cannot let off breaking us of a delusion few of us suffer—that games are good for us.

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End of the Un-American nightmare

FINAL TRIBUTE

By Mark Goodman

The House Un-American Activities Committee is the most un-American thing in the country today.

—Harry S. Truman

There is nothing un-American about the Un-American Activities Committee. It can trace its ancestry to colonial times, when we hounded religious eccentrics, and to the Revolution, when we tyrannized Tories.

—Walter Goodman
The Committee

Truman, the populist, believer in the Melting Pot; Goodman, historian and critic, who saw that the huddled masses and wretched refuse too often remained huddled and wretched. But their disparate views converged in the nightmare prism of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. For both knew the committee for what it was: the heel of the jackboot that we, democracy's smug standard-bearers, assumed we could never wear. For four decades, under several different names (most recently the House Internal Security Committee), the HUAC hunted for saboteurs under Plymouth Rock and subversives in Hollywood palms.

The committee was formally established by Congressman Martin Dies of Texas in 1938. With the Cold War of the '40s came Rep. J. Parnell Thomas of New Jersey, who became the nation's most notorious Commie-hunter before anyone outside the Wisconsin dells had even heard of Joe McCarthy.

The committee became our national theater. Most of its members were men of intransigent patriotism and invincible stupidity. Their clashes with some of the best and brightest of Hollywood—the primary objective of the committee's campaign—produced some of the best gallows humor this country has ever witnessed.

There is the famous instance of Joe Starnes of Alabama asking a theatrical witness if one Christopher Marlowe was a Communist. And actor Lionel Stander, giving the HUAC a gravelly Bronx cheer by swaggering into the hearings with a blonde on each arm and announcing that he was willing to name 10 men who were openly attempting to subvert the Constitution of the United States—the committee members themselves.

But the good times were few. Nine members of the original Hollywood 10—the carcasses the movie establishment hoped would appease the committee's appetite—were cited for contempt of Congress and given jail sentences. (An exquisite irony of this particular episode was that J. Parnell Thomas was subsequently nailed on an embezzlement rap and performed his courtyard exercises at Danbury behind Hollywood 10-er Ring Lardner Jr.) Then there was the Alger Hiss-Whittaker Chambers confrontation, which earned Hiss a 44-month jail sentence for perjury and brought into prominence his principal committee antagonist—young Richard Nixon of California.

The grossest indecency perpetrated by the HUAC was the gruesome ritual of the Naming of Names. Hear the pathetic Larry Parks, pleading with the committee: "Don't present me with the choice of either being in contempt of this committee and going to jail or forcing me to crawl through the mud to be an informer." Two hours later Parks, a beaten man, informed. So did terrified others, by the dozen. Many fled from the Statue of Liberty to the sanctuary of Europe, a reel of the American Dream run back.

The committee was shorn of much of its power with the censure of its senatorial counterpart, Joe McCarthy. It stood until the '70s primarily through fear; a congressman voted against appropriations for the committee on peril of being branded un-American.

Ironies flourish in the unmourned wake of the HUAC. Ring Lardner Jr. has an Oscar to his credit (*M*A*S*H*) and is currently scripting Dan Jenkins' crackerjack novel, *Semi-Tough*; meanwhile, Richard Nixon huddles in illness and exile in San Clemente. Some of the finest in American dramatic art was born without anesthesic in the era: Arthur Miller's grinding parable *The Crucible* and Elia Kazan's guilt-ridden defense of his own finkery, *On the Waterfront*.

The Hollywood 10 (plus two) outside the hearing room.

In his estimable *Journal of the Plague Years*, author Stefan Kanfer draws an historical parable to pinpoint the cant and hypocrisy of that dark postwar period. It is 1830, and revolution roars below Tallyrand's apartments. "Listen," says Tallyrand, "our side is winning." An aide asks, "But sir, which is our side?" "Hush!" Tallyrand replies. "Tomorrow I will tell you."

The melancholy answer is that nobody won; nobody at all. ●

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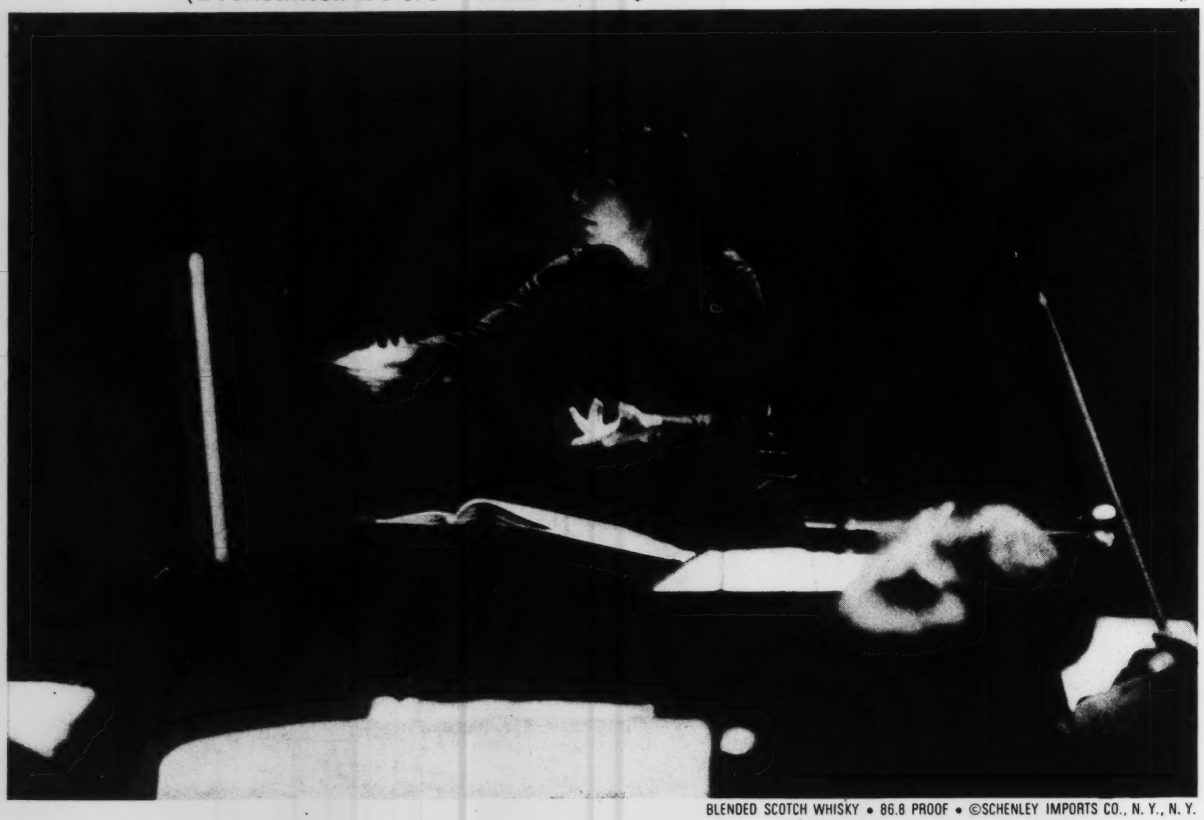

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EVE QUELER

HOME: New York, N.Y.

AGE: 37

PROFESSION: Conductor

HOBBIES: Playing the piano; attending concerts.

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